



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

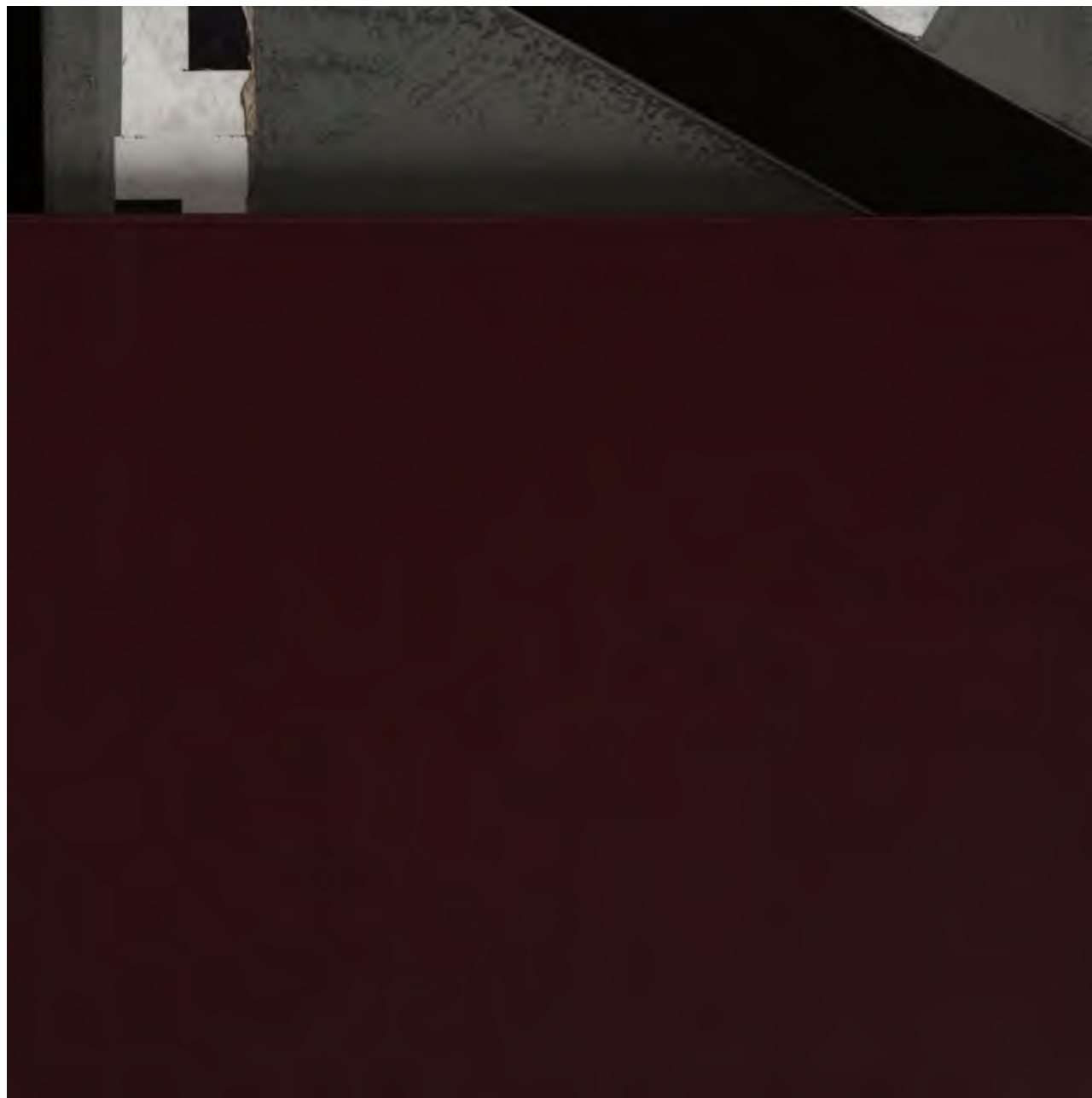
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

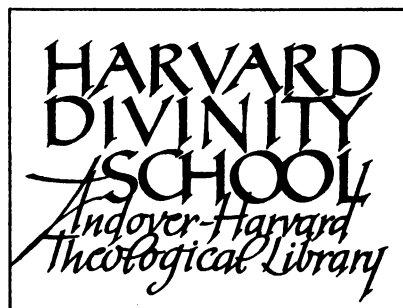
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







|

-

—

—

**SPIRIT MINSTREL;
A
COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND MUSIC,
FOR
THE USE OF SPIRITUALISTS, IN THEIR CIRCLES AND
PUBLIC MEETINGS.**

SECOND EDITION IMPROVED.

By J. B. PACKARD & J. S. LOVELAND.

**BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY BELA MARSH, No. 15 FRANKLIN St.
1856.**

1858. Sept. 6. Gift of
Rev. G. W. Higginson.
of Worcester.
PREFACE.

M
2131
.55
P24
1856

~~Mass 491.75.1856~~

Spiritualism, as an element of social influence, has become a fixed fact. Nothing can conceal the truth that a wider, deeper and more potent influence is exerted by it than by any other principle merely moral. Circles meet in almost every community—Sunday meetings are held in various places—State Conventions are called, and books, pamphlets, and weekly and monthly periodicals are issued. The friends of Spiritualism will not wish to see that influence diminished, but extended. And nothing more powerfully contributes to such a result than the fascination of music and song. This has been seen, and a few partial attempts made to supply the want. The Spirit Harp and Spirit Voices furnish us some beautiful poetry, but there are such marked defects as to preclude their general use. Much of the Harp is not adapted to metre, while many pieces are of inordinate length, occupying from two to three pages. But the most vital defect is the fact that we have no music, and hence are obliged to use the cumbersome works of common church music.

In view of these defects and the increasing demand for a suitable book, we are induced to present this work, as accomplishing in part, what is needed. We conceive the true idea of a book for popular use to include both music and poetry, and have made our book accordingly.

We have endeavored to collect the best of the popular music, with what of poetry was adapted to the use of Spiritualists, which with what is original will render our Minstrel, we trust, a welcome visitant to many an aspiring soul and circle.

CHARLESTOWN, 1853.

THE EDITORS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by
BELA MARSH,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

THE SPIRIT MINSTREL.

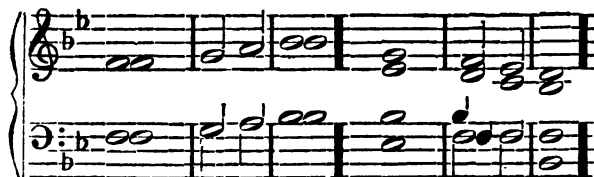
CHANT.



A - men.

1 Our Father who art in heaven, hal- ed be thy }	name :	Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, }	heaven.
2 Give us this day our daily	bread ;	And forgive us our trespasses, As we }	us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, But }	evil ;	For thine is the kingdom, and the pow- }	ever.
deliver us from }		er And the glory, for- }	

CHANT.



- 1 { I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence | cometh .. my | help.
- 2 { My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made | heaven .. and | earth.
- 3 { He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :
He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 { Behold, he that keepeth Israel,
Shall not | slumber .. nor | sleep.
- 5 { The Lord is thy keeper :
The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right— | hand.
- 6 { The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the | moon by | night.
- 7 { The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ;
He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 { The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy
coming in, [A- | men
From this time forth, and even for-ev-er | more.

CHANT.



"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Thy will be | done !" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run ; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done

"Thy will be | done !" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done

"Thy will be done !" || Though shrouded o'
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—on
Is ours :—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done

BOWMAN

Close by repeating the first two measures—"Thy will

THE OLD HUNDRETH. L. M.

5

Doxology.
 1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low,
 From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;

Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly throng; Praise Him in joy - ous ho - ly song.
 Let the Re - deemer's name be sung, Thro' eve - ry land, By eve - ry tongue.

SECOND HYMN.

1
 Good spirits from a brighter shore,
 A fairer land than that of earth,
 Right-glad we welcome you once more
 Back to each lonely home and hearth.

2
 Come from the climes of cloudless day,
 The radiant realms by angels trod;
 At morning, noon, or twilight grey,
 Come in the name and love of God!

I'M A PILGRIM.

"MUSICAL GEMS."

End.

Alto.

1. I'm a pil - grim and I'm a stranger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

2. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, I am longing, I am longing for the sight,

3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re - deemer, My Re - deemer is the light,

Retard.

D. C.

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ev - er flow - ing.

With - in a coun - try unknown and drea - ry, I have been wandering for - lorn and wea - ry.*

There is no sor - row, or any sigh - ing, Or any sin - ning or a - ny dy - ing.

* I'm a pilgrim, &c.

ANGEL FOOTSTEPS. 8s & 7s.

J. B. PACKARD.

7

3
Then the forms of the departed,
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

4
With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Come the messengers divine,
Take the vacant chair beside me,
Lay their gentle hands in mine;

5
And they sit and gaze upon me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

6
Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from their lips of air

TRIUMPHANT SONG. 7s & 6s.

J. B. PACKARD.

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and valley, ring - ing With one triumphant song,

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly, And shady vales and fountain Shall echo the re - ply;

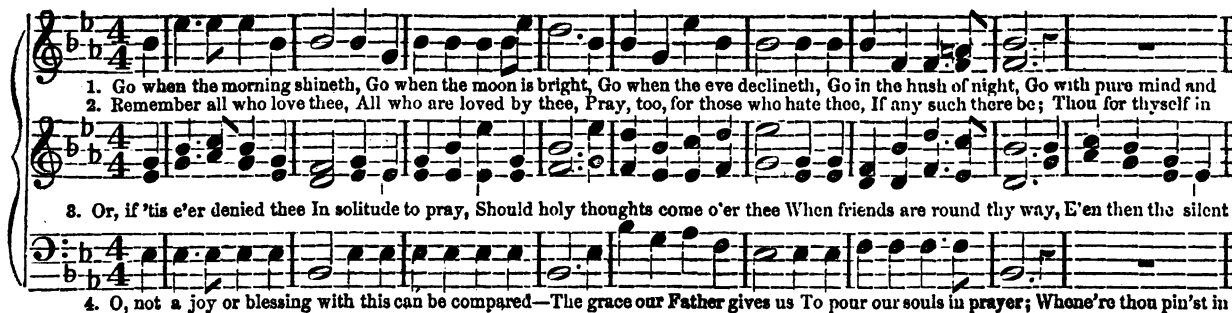
Proclaim the contest end - ed, And truth its throne obtain, In love to earth de - scend ed, In righteousness to reign.

High tower and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus round, All hal - le - lu - jahs swelling In one e - ter - nal sound.

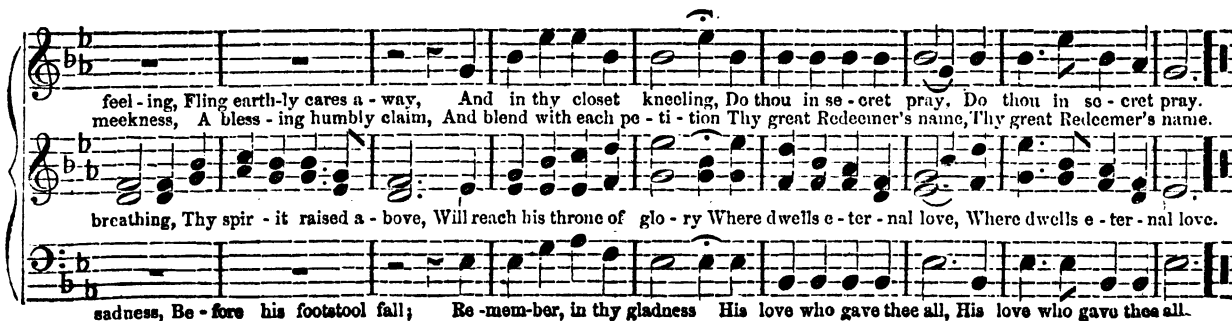
SECRET PRAYER. 7s & 6s.

J. B. PACKARD.

9



1. Go when the morning shineth, Go when the moon is bright, Go when the eve declineth, Go in the hush of night, Go with pure mind and
2. Remember all who love thee, All who are loved by thee, Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If any such there be; Thou for thyself in
3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee In solitude to pray, Should holy thoughts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way, E'en then the silent
4. O, not a joy or blessing with this can be compared—The grace our Father gives us To pour our souls in prayer; Whene'er thou pin'st in



feel - ing, Fling earth - ly cares a - way, And in thy closet kneeling, Do thou in se - cret pray, Do thou in se - cret pray.
meekness, A bless - ing humbly claim, And blend with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Redeemer's name, Thy great Redeemer's name.
breathing, Thy spir - it raised a - bove, Will reach his throne of glo - ry Where dwells e - ter - nal love, Where dwells e - ter - nal love.
sadness, Be - fore his footstool fall; Re - mem - ber, in thy gladness His love who gave thee all, His love who gave thee all.

1. There are loved ones before us gone, To that bright, happy land, And those who've left us here below, To join the angel band.
 2. Yet still they come with smiles of joy, They leave their home of flowers; They come at morn, at noon, and night To this cold world of ours.

3. Yes! with their tidings glad, they come, They leave their beauteous home, Our joys to aid, our griefs assuage, And bid us cease to mourn.
 4. Then, mourner, dry thy tears of wo, Know, those thou lov'dst are by; For God, thy Father's love doth show His angels ever nigh.

1
 O, thou, the Life, the Light, the Truth,
 Whose law is writ in love,—
 Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
 On earth as 'tis above.

2
 Thy kingdom come,—O come in Thought
 To these poor hearts of ours,
 Till all is fair and sweet within,
 As cells within the flowers.

↓ SECOND HYMN.

3
 Thy kingdom come,—O come in Will
 That purposes the Life,
 The Truth to seek, the Good to win,
 Where now are sin and strife.

4
 Thy kingdom come, O come in Deed,
 And banish all our woes,
 Until within each heart shall thrive
 The lily and the rose.

LIGHT. 8s & 7s

J. B. PACKARD.

11

1. Gently o'er the senses stealing, Lute-like comes an unseen throng, Spirits, waking each a feeling With a birth-baptismal song.

2. Chalice held by fairy fingers, Seems the soul—all brimming o'er—'Neath a fountain, still it lingers Where the living waters pour.

3

Now, a mirror's disc it seemeth,
Far beneath a crystal flow,
Where the inner sun-light gleameth
As the bubbles upward go.

4

Beaming eye-light truly telleth,
In a language all its own,
That behind these glances dwelleth
Love, illuming pleasure's throne.

WANDERER, HASTEN HOME.

1. Hark! those bell-tones sweetly pealing, "Come, O, come," Far and wide me - lo - dious stealing, "Come, seek thy home, Hither - er come,"

2. Hark! the bell to prayer is call - ing, "Wanderer come, Come, O, come," In God's house with incense bringing, "seek thy home, Hither - er come,"

3. Still the ech-oid voice is ring - ing, "Wanderer hasten home, Wanderer hasten!" Come, O, come, stilling, Wanderer hasten home, Wanderer 'tis far a - bove thee, Where dwell spir - its pure and love-ly, Wanderer 'tis al - ter bending, May our souls to heaven as-cend-ing, Find in thee their home, Find in thee

Come, O, come.

YONDER'S MY HOME. 7s & 4.

N. BILLINGS.

1



1. I'm a lone-ly trav'ler here, Wea-ry, op-prest; But my journey's end is near—Soon I shall rest,
 2. I'm a wea-ry trav'ler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near— I must be gone,
 3. I'm a trav'ler to a land Where all is fair; Where is seen no broken band, Saints, all are there,
 4. I'm a trav'ler, and I go Where all is fair; Farewell all I've loved below— I must be there,
 5. I'm a trav'ler, call me not— Upward's my way; Yonder is my rest and lot, I can-not stay.

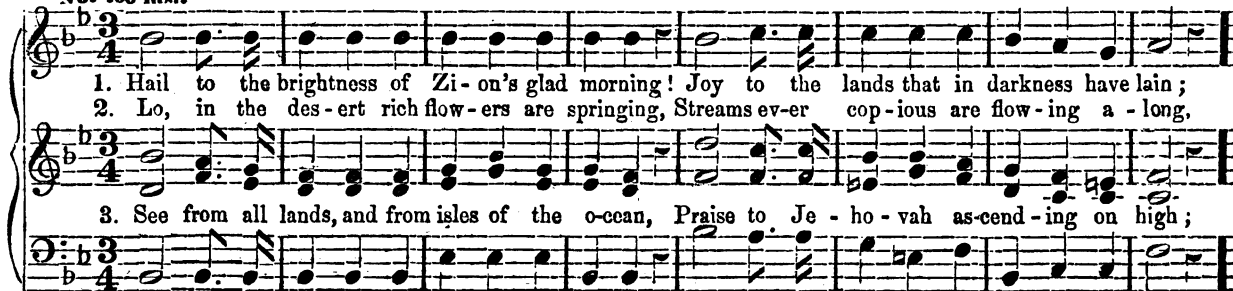


Dark and drea-ry is the way, Toil-ing I've come—ask me not with you to stay, Yon-der's my home.
 Brighter joys then earth can give, Win me a-way; Pleasures that for-ev-er live,— I can-not stay.
 Where no tear shall ev-er fall, Nor heart be sad; Where the glo-ry is for all, and all are glad.
 Worldly honors, hopes and gain, All I re-sign; Welcome sor-row, grief and pain, If heaven be mine
 Farewell earthly pleasures all, Pil-grim I roam; Hail me not, in vain you call. Yonder's my home

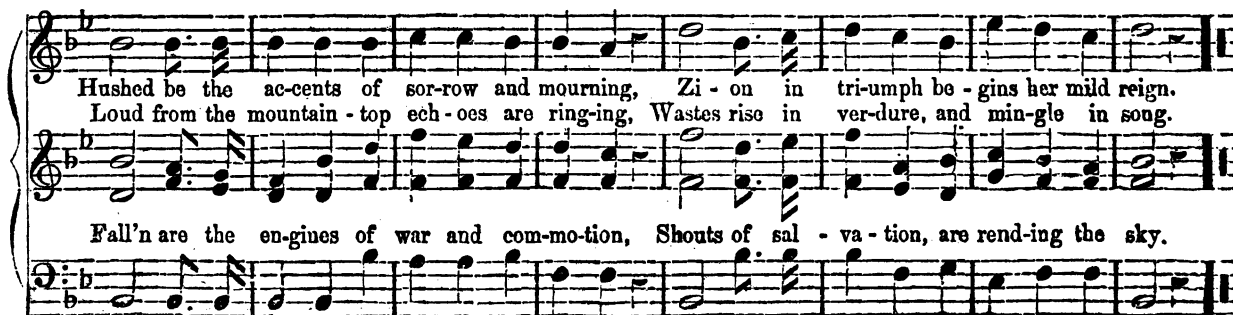
1. O Land of Bliss, my heart now turns With longing hopes to thee, As long the blossoms for the spring The sun-b
 2. O Land of Fruit, that hangs so rich Up - on thy bending trees, O when shall I beneath thy shade inhale
 3. And with me too, the be-ings loved, Find all of sor - row o'er,—When shall these tearful partings cease On life's

free; O stream of Time, on whose sweet wave, Like flowers upon thy breast, My tho'ts thy flowing tide doth bend Towards that aw
 breeze! And with these rapturous eyes behold The white-robed angel band, And drink the flowing landscape in, The sweet
 shore? And by those living streams may pluck, The amaranth and rose, And drink the nectar from the streams Where deathle

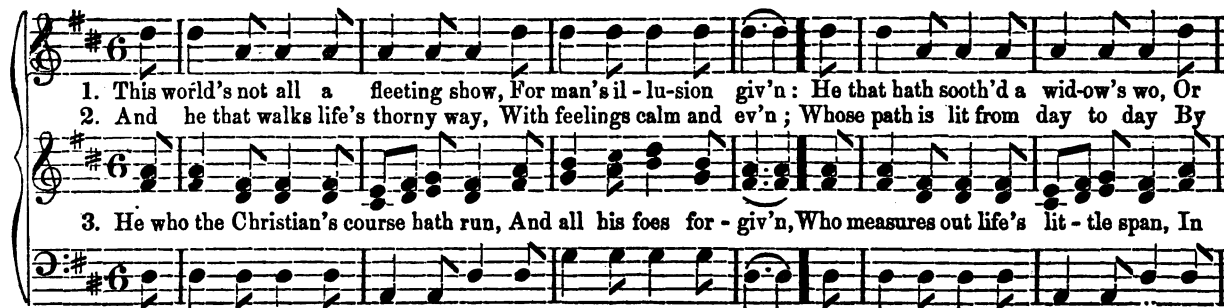
Not too fast.



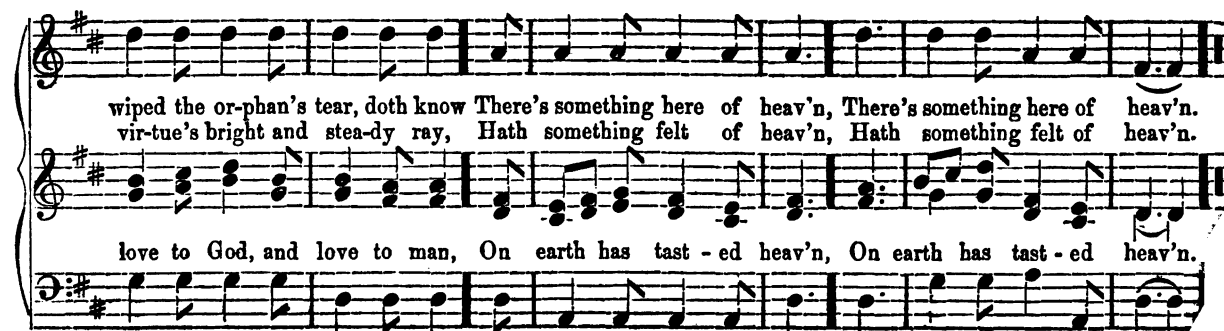
1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
 2. Lo, in the des-ert rich flow-ers are springing, Streams ev-er cop-i-ous are flow-ing a-long,
 3. See from all lands, and from isles of the o-cean, Praise to Je-ho-vah as-cend-ing on high;



Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
 Loud from the mountain-top ech-oes are ring-ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure, and min-gle in song.
 Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-mo-tion, Shouts of sal-va-tion, are rend-ing the sky.



1. This world's not all a fleeting show, For man's il-lu-sion giv'n: He that hath sooth'd a wid-ow's wo, Or
 2. And he that walks life's thorny way, With feelings calm and ev'n; Whose path is lit from day to day By
 3. He who the Christian's course hath run, And all his foes for-giv'n, Who measures out life's lit-tle span, In



wiped the or-phan's tear, doth know There's something here of heav'n, There's something here of heav'n.
 vir-tue's bright and stea-dy ray, Hath something felt of heav'n, Hath something felt of heav'n.
 love to God, and love to man, On earth has tast-ed heav'n, On earth has tast-ed heav'n.

THE ANGEL'S WELCOME.

7s, 6 lines.

L. MASON, By permission

17

Duet.



1. Hark! the songs of angels swell, Deep'ning thro' the radiant home, Where the blest immortals dwell, Where the throngs of seraphs roam.
2. Voices fill'd with sweetest love, Thrill the azure deep of heav'n; Gentle breathings far above, Down to weary earthlings giv'n.



Sweetly, gently rolls the song By myriad spirits borne a-long, Sweetly, gently rolls the song By myriad spirits borne along.
Calmly hush the heaving sigh, Show how blest the boon to die, Calmly hush the heaving sigh, Show how blest the boon to die.



3 Softly now those voices breathe,
Echoing through the fainting heart,
Smiles of hope and joy they wreath,
Bliss celestial they impart;—
Gladness reigns where woe is flown—
Glory breaks where starlight shone.

4 "Come thou hither, wearied one,
Breathe the smiling angels now,
"Cheer thee 'neath the glowing sun,
Bathe in light thy weary brow.
Sing! for joy is born from gloom,
Life has risen from the tomb."

5 "Welcome, welcome, child of earth,"
Chants the singing angel-band,
"Death is proved a glorious birth,
Leading to the spirit land.
Time's dark waves are felt no more,
Reach not the immortal shore."

6 Beauties soft and blending greet
The vision of the raptured soul;
Light, where friends celestial meet,
Fills and cheers the perfect whole
Rest from care and sorrow free,
Breathes the soul's deep harmony

ARNON. 7, 6s & 8; or S. M., (by tying two first notes.)

1. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest ; We will not weep for thee ; For thou art now where oft on earth, Thy spirit long'd to be.
 2. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest ; Thine is an ear-ly tomb ; But Jesus summon'd thee a-way ; Thy Saviour call'd thee home.
 3. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest ; Thy toils and cares are o'er ; And sorrow, pain, and suffering now Shall ne'er distress thee more.
 4. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest ; Thy sins are all for-giv'n ; And saints in light, have welcom'd thee To share the joys of heav'n.
 5. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest ; And this shall be our pray'r ; That when we reach our journey's end, Thy glo-ry may we share.

ASSEMBLED AT THE CLOSING HOUR.

Moderato.

1. As - sembled at the closing hour, When we awhile must part, A song of praise to God we pour, With mel-o-dy of heart.
 2. 'Tis by his goodness we are led With-in these favor'd walls ; And eve-ry footstep here we tread, Thy goodness still re-calls.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

19

Alto.



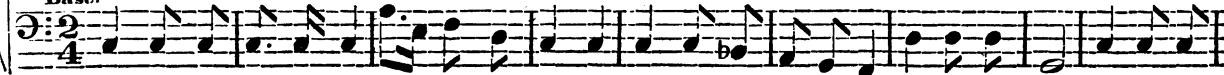
1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er you languish, Come at the shrine of God, fer-vently kneel, Here bring your
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the straying, Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the

Soprano.



3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above; Come to the

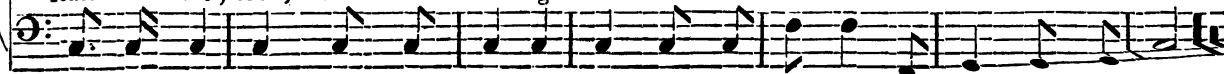
Base.



wound-ed hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not cure.
Com-fort-er, in God's name say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not cure.



feast of love; come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but heaven can re-move.



HEBRON. L. M.

1. When to yon bright ce - les - tial spheres My spir - it soars to view its home, How sweet - ly then shall

2. Ea - ger this mourn - ful scene to leave, Yet tran - quil as the moon - lit bower, And smil - ing as the

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many whole and half notes.

3
O that 't would haste and waft me there,
Where worlds shall roll beneath my feet;
Where palms immortal flourish fair,
And friends on earth beloved shall meet

4
The woes of earth are chains that cling,
Released but by the hand of death;
Its joys—the blossoms of the spring,
That fall before the zephyr's breath;

The musical score continues with three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The music continues in the same simple, hymn-like style.

FREEDOM. C. M.

J. B. PACKARD.

21

1. We want no flag, no flaunting rag, For Lib-er-ty to fight, We want no blaze of murderous guns, To struggle for the right. Our
 2. We love no triumphs sprung of force, They stain her brightest cause; 'Tis not in blood that Liberty Inscribe her civil laws. She

3. We want no aid of bar-ricade To show a front to wrong, We have a cit-a-del in truth More du-ra-ble and strong. Calm
 4. Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood, The ignorant may sneer, The bad deny; but we re-ly To see their triumph near. No

Unison.

spears and swords are printed words, The mind our bat-tle-plain; We've won such victo-ries before, And so we shall a - gain.
 writes them on the people's heart, In language clear and plain, True thoughts have moved the world before, And so they shall again.

words, great thoughts, undimching faith, Have never striv'n in vain; They've won our battles many a time, And so they shall again.
 widow's groans shall load our cause, No blood of brethren slain; We've won without such aid before, And so we shall a - gain.

1. Earth is waking! day is breaking! Darkness from the hills has flown! Pale with terror, trembling Error Flies forever from her throne!

2. Up, to labor, friend and neighbor; Hope, and work with all thy might! Heav'n is near thee, God will cheer thee; He will ne'er desert the right.

3. Earth is wak-ing! day is breaking! Fellow-toiler, bend thine ear; Hear ye not the an - gels speaking Words of love, and words of cheer.

4. Hark! they whisper us of ho - ly Mansions in the courts above, Where, alike, the high and lowly Share the Father's boun-teous love.

5. Then, to labor! friend and neighbor; Though ye brave the serpent's might, Never fear thee! God is near thee! He will ne'er desert the right.

SECOND HYMN.

1
In the lone and silent midnight,
When the stars from darkness creep
One by one, like blessed beacons,
Sentinel our holy sleep;

2
Then I feel within my spirit
Shines of a purer life —
And music

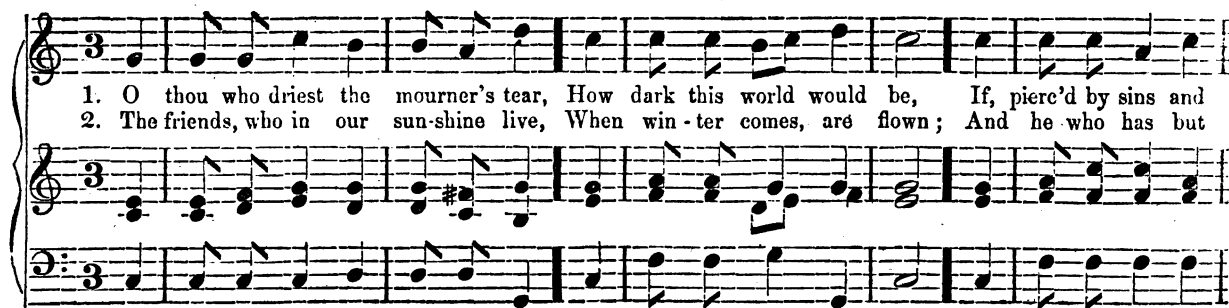
3
Light breaks in upon my slumber —
Light of more than earthly bliss;
Low and sweet come many whispers
Soft with heavenly joyousness.

4
And around me, pure and saint-like
Forms, in love and wisdom bright,
Move through air with shadowy footsteps
Smiling love with eyes of light.

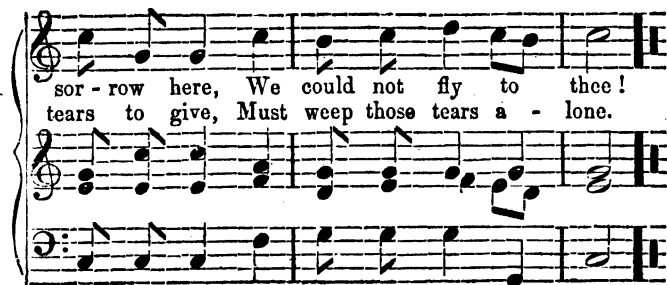
— HOPE C. M.

J. B. PACKARD.

23



1. O thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, pierc'd by sins and
 2. The friends, who in our sun-shine live, When win-ter comes, are flown; And he who has but



sor-row here, We could not fly to thee!
 tears to give, Must weep those tears a-lone.

3
 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
 Our peace-branch from above?

4
 Then sorrow touch'd by thee, grows bright,
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light,
 We never saw by day.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed I
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I

3. In the midst of af - flic-tion, my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un - meas-ured my cup run-neth
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol-low my steps, till I meet thee a -

rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com-fort-er near.

o'er; With oil and per-fume thou a - noint-est my head; O, what shall I ask of thy pro-vi-dence more?
 bove; I seek, by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy kingdom of love.

MILLENNIAL DAWN. 7s & 6s. (Peculiar.)

G. J. WEBB.

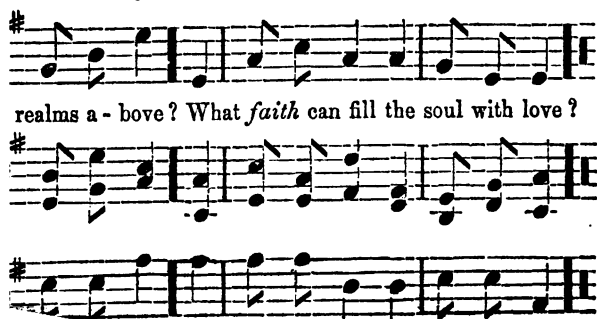
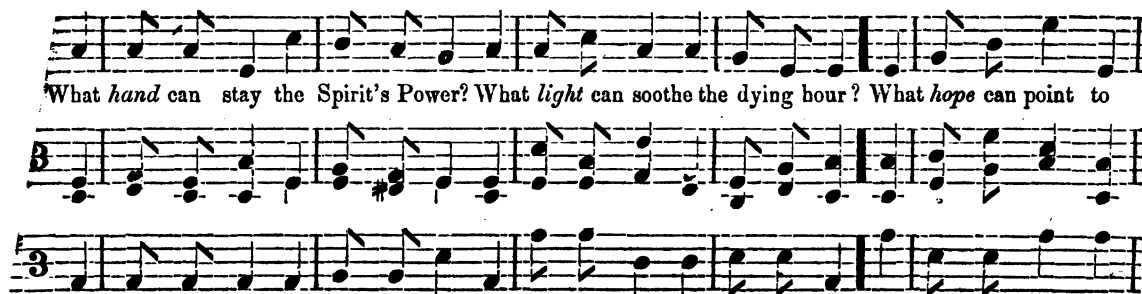
25

1. The seraphs bright are hovering A-round the throne a - bove, Their harps are ev - er tun - ing To thrilling tones of love.
 2. From earth is dai - ly ris - ing A rich, har - monious song; From sun - ny perfumed flow - ers By breezes borne a - long, —
 3. So Nature's voice is chanting A full, har - monious song, When morn - ing light is break - ing Or evening sweeps along.

Or thro' the a - zure soar - ing, Or poised on snow - y wing, With glow - ing hearts a - dor - ing, Sweet cho - ral notes they sing.
 From hills in sunlight glittering, From smooth, deep emerald seas, A cloud of praise is ris - ing, Like incense on the breeze.
 And have our hearts no offering, Or voice of love to raise? O let the inward whispering Gush forth in earnest praise.

WHAT HAND CAN STAY. C. M.

J. B. PACKARD.



2
The only *hand* this power can stay,—
The only *star* to light this way,—
The only *hope* to Zion's Hill,—
The only *faith* the soul to fill,—

3
Is God's own Love—this Spirit Power,—
Is Christ's own Love—that lights the hour,—
Is Love Divine, to mortals given,
The Faith of Love—the Law of Heaven.

FAIREST BLOSSOM, THOU ART FADING. 8s & 7s.

2

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano (S), Alto (A), and Tenor (T). It is in the key of B-flat major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The melody is carried by the Soprano and Alto parts, while the Tenor part provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding vocal lines.

1. Fairest blossom, thou art fading Gently from thy native bough; As we gaze, Death's wondrous shading Pencils soft thy sculptured bro

2. O, 'what raptured vis-ion meeteth Thy illumined spirit's eye; Thee thy guardian angel greet-eth, Radiant forms are hover-ing nigh.

3

Eye-lids fringed with silken lashes
 Joyously have open sprung;
 As to reach the vision lovely,
 Beauteous arms are upward flung

4

"Mother," from those sweet lips breaking
 In affection's softest tone;
 Echoes in our hearts are waking
 Its subduing power to own.

Dim. Ritard.

1. When the evening star is stealing Slow-ly from the a-zure sky; And each lowly lit-tle flow-ret Sof-ly shoots its dewy eye:
 2. When each little bird is sleeping Sweetly in its downy nest; And no sound the silence breaking, E'er intrudes to mar its re-

3. When the dew is soft-ly falling On each leaf and folded flower; And there seems a holy quiet In the stilly twilight ho-
 4. Then it is, that friends departed Leave their happy homes above; Then it is they're sent to cheer us, Whisp'ring kindly words o-

SECOND HYMN.

1

Angel-mother, long I listened,
 Listened with attentive ear,
 And my eyes with tear-drops glistened
 When I knew that thou wast near;

2

Thou, my guardian-spirit ever,
 Ever through this-lower sphere,
 Till the hand of death shall sever
 Every tie that binds me here.

3

Angel-mother, life is dearer,
 Dearer since my doubts are flown,
 And the lamp of life burns clearer
 When the way of truth is known.

4

Joys serene are stealing o'er me,
 O'er me joys before unknown;
 Lights celestial beam before me,
 Flowers are on my pathway strewn

PRAYER.

J. B. PACKARD.

29

Slow and connected.

1. Come, for the crest-ed bil - low Sleeps on its az - ure pil - low, And the soft veil of eve lies mirrored there.
 2. Come, for the night shades weep-ing, Their sil-ent watch are keep - ing, And in the gem bound arch the moon smiles fair;
 3. Come, for the morn is break-ing, And the green earth is wak - ing, And the bright flowers their robes of beau-ty wear!

Come with thy heart's de - vo - tion, Calm eve-ry wild com - mo - tion, And with re - tir - ing day bend thee in prayer.
 Come with each hallowed feel - ing, Each deep and pure re - veal - ing, And at the shrine of truth bend thee in prayer.
 Come with thy glad thanks - giv - ing, And to the ev - er - liv - ing Pour out thy soul in humble, grate - ful prayer.

1. An - gel fa - ther, oh! be near me, On my jour - ney to the tomb! } An - gel mother, see
 Let thy bless - ed pres - ence cheer me In the hours of pain and gloom. }

Thou canst calm the brow of an - guish, Thou canst soothe the heart of care!

D. C.

lan - guish, Al - most rea - dy to des - pair!

2

Angel sisters, oh! how lovely
 As in shining robes ye stand!
 Haste away, ye lingering moments,
 Let me join the blessed band!
 This conviction, how consoling!
 That though loud the breakers roar
 Every wave of time in rolling,
 Bears me nearer to the shore.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

1. Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sings 'our Father's sav-ing love ; Soft as

2. Soft as the morning dews descend, While warbling birds ex-ult - ing soar, So soft t

The musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.

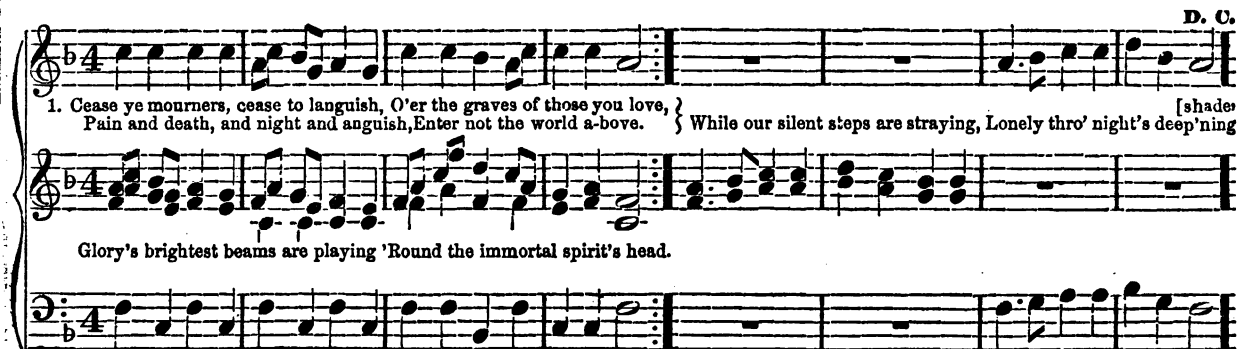
Friend Be eve - ry sigh our bo - soms pour,

The musical notation continues with three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

3
Pure as the sun's enlivening
That scatters life and joy
Pure as the lucid orb of day
That wide proclaims its m

4
Pure as the breath of vernal
So pure let our devotion b
And purely let our songs ar
To him who sets our spiri

D. C.



1. Cease ye mourners, cease to languish, O'er the graves of those you love, } While our silent steps are straying, Lonely thro' night's deep'ning [shades
Pain and death, and night and anguish, Enter not the world a-bove. }

Glory's brightest beams are playing 'Round the immortal spirit's head.

2

Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come,
There no fear of woe intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

THE MORN OF TRUTH. L. M. L. MASON. From Carmine Sacra, by permission. 83

1. Sweet morn of Truth! thy dew - y breath Wakes the glad mu - sic of the soul, While darkening clouds of
 2. The skies with cheering lus - ter glow, The earth with beam-ing life is bright, And through the deep of

3. From lof - ty heights of worlds a - far, The sweets of heav - enly joy de - scend, As dim-ly shines the

Sin and death From saddened be - somes swift - ly roll,
 Na - ture flow The ra - diant streams of new - born light.

morn-ing star, Whose rays with bright-er glo - ries blend.

4
 The dismal night has passed away,
 And sunlight gleams upon its breast,
 While calmly dawns the rising day,
 To crown the wearied sleeper's rest.

5
 Arise, and sing the morning song.
 Ye dwellers of the night-olad earth
 Let soul with soul be borne along
 On breezes of celestial birth.

1. Light from the Spir - it World appears, The day begins to dawn! Glad spirits bid us dry our tears, And hail the glorious morn.
 2. The earth so dark be - fore, grows bright; The pris'ners cease to sigh, Before the splendor of the light, Error and crime shall die.

3. Dost hear the song of Angels? hark! Thy Spirit friends are near, Come, plume thy wings like yonder lark, And bid adieu to fear.
 4. Heaven is in sight, earth shouts for joy; Bright Spirits whisper near, "Let sweetest praise all hearts unite, We come to greet you here

5. "We come, commissioned from above To show your future home—Al-lure to our sweet heav'n of love; Earth's jubilee has come.

1

SECOND HYMN.

3

All beauteous is our Spirit Home,
 All radiant and bright;
 Here sorrow's tears are all unknown,
 And griefs come not to blight.

All lovely is our Spirit Home,
 For love here hath its sway;
 And sweetest flowers ever bloom
 Along our sacred way.

2

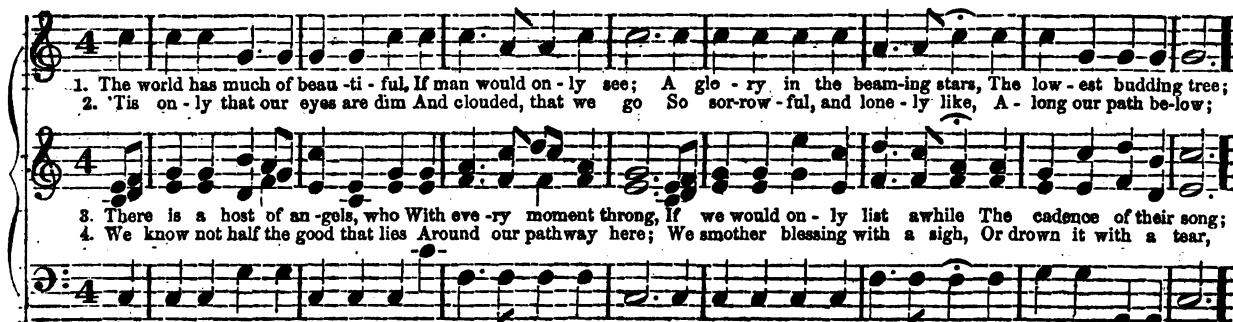
All peaceful is our Spirit Home,
 All free from strife and care;
 No discord sounds are ever known,
 In this our home so fair.

4

All heavenly is our Spirit Home,
 For here we all are blest;
 And hearts that once were sad and lone,
 Now bask in endless rest.

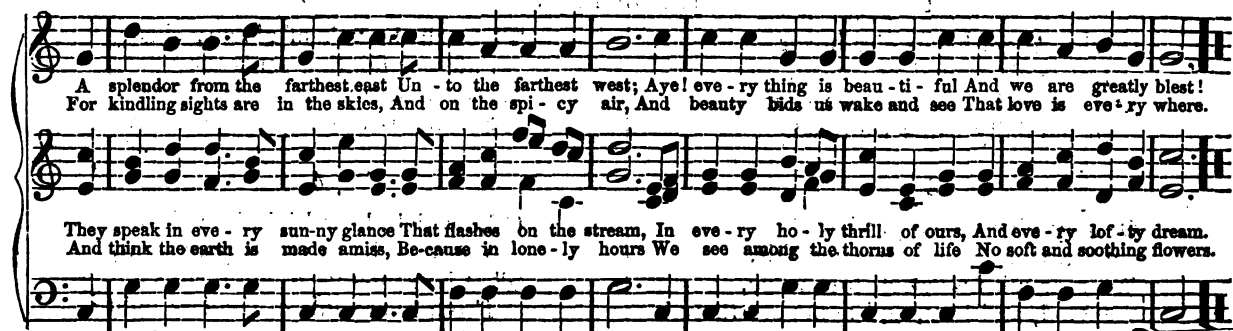
THE WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL. C. M. (Double.)

35



1. The world has much of beau-ti-ful, If man would on-ly see; A glo-ry in the beam-ing stars, The low-est budding tree;
 2. 'Tis on-ly that our eyes are dim And clouded, that we go So sor-row-ful, and lone-ly like, A-long our path be-low;

3. There is a host of an-gels, who With eve-ry moment throng, If we would on-ly list awhile The cadence of their song;
 4. We know not half the good that lies Around our pathway here; We smother blessing with a sigh, Or drown it with a tear,



A splendor from the farthest east Un-to the farthest west; Aye! eve-ry thing is beau-ti-ful And we are greatly blest!
 For kindling sights are in the skies, And on the spi-cy air, And beauty bids us wake and see That love is eve-ry where.

They speak in eve-ry sun-ny glance That flashes on the stream, In eve-ry ho-ly thrill of ours, And eve-ry lof-ty dream.
 And think the earth is made amiss, Be-cause in lone-ly hours We see among the thorns of life No soft and soothing flowers.

1. Let us with a joy-ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind: For his mercies shall endure, Ev-er faithful, e

2. He, with all-commanding might, Filled the new-made world with light: For his mercy shall endure, Ev-er faithful, e

3. All things living he doth feed; His full hand supplies their need; For his mercies shall endure, Ev-er faithful, e

1

SECOND HYMN.

3

Bright, Angel bands e'er hover
In the air around us spread,
And we feel their presence near
In the daily paths we tread.

Through the vale of gloomy
Safe our fainting souls they
While their tuneful songs of
Soothe us in our passage th

2

O, they give us daily, views
Of a world more pure and fair,
Whisper with a sweet, low voice,
"God, and love, and home are there."

4

O how rich, how high, how d
We must be in God's pure
That he sends us Angel guar
From his realms of fadeless

↓ LOVE DIVINE 8s & 7s.

37

Fine.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! }
 Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. } Fa-ther, thou art all com-
 Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter eve-ry long-ing heart.

D. C.

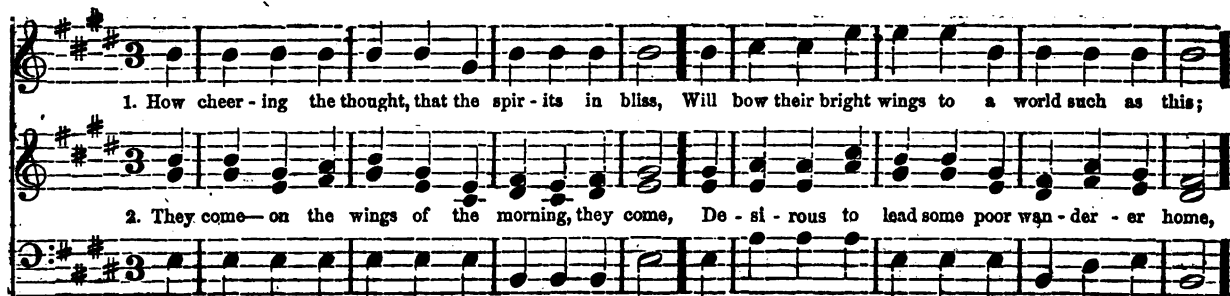
pas-sion, Pure, un-bond-ed love thou art;

2

Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
 Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

EDINBURG. 11s.

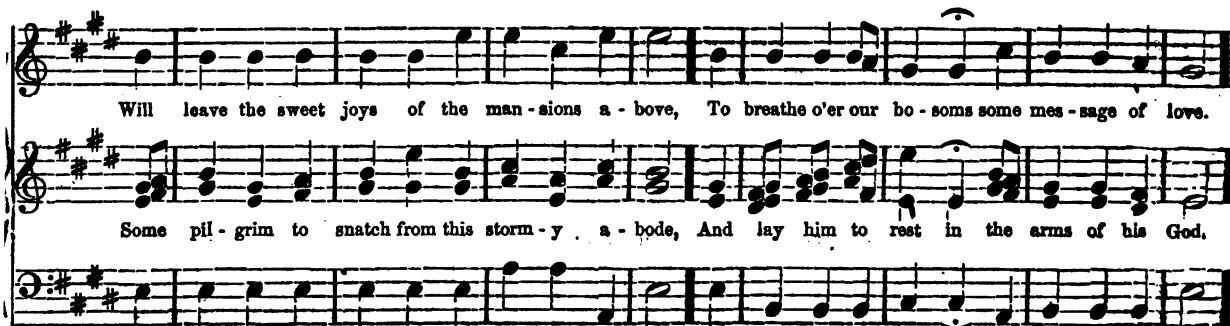
"Modern Harp," by permission.



1. How cheer - ing the thought, that the spir - its in bliss, Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;

2. They come—on the wings of the morning, they come, De - si - rous to lead some poor wan - der - er home,

The first system of the musical score for 'Edinburg' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.



Will leave the sweet joys of the man - sions a - bove, To breathe o'er our bo - soms some mes - sage of love.

Some pil - grim to snatch from this storm - y a - bode, And lay him to rest in the arms of his God,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the first staff and the first line of the second staff.

Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men,

Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men.

Hal-le - lu-jah,

The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains the lyrics 'Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men,'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring a complex, flowing melody with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. It includes the lyrics 'Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men.' The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, providing a harmonic foundation. It includes the lyrics 'Hal-le - lu-jah,'. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

SECOND HYMN.

- 1 What seraph-like music falls sweet on my ear,
In strains so delightful? Oh! list that ye hear—
Those rich flowing numbers, so liquid and clear,
Breathe rapture untold, from some heavenly sphere.
- 2 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave
Of Jordan's lone stream as its billows I brave;
'Tis the music of angels who hasten to bear
My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.
- 3 A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight,
I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light,
Bright spirits are whispering so soft in my ear
Of heaven, sweet heaven! I long to be there.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

1. Oft in the stil - ly night When slumber's chain has bound us, Kind spir-its bring the light Of
Thus in the stil - ly night, When slumber's chain has bound us, Kind spir-its pure as light, Are

2. And when the noi - sy scenes Of bu - sy life al - lure us, From ills, to us unseen, They're
Thus in the stil - ly night, When slumber's chain has bound us, Kind spir-its, pure as light, Are

Fine. 1 2 D. C.

oth - er spheres a-round us. They whis-per soft of joy and peace, Our dreams of heav'n inspiring.
hov'ring gent-ly 'round us. Their vig - ils o'er us never cease, They're constant and un - - - - tir - ing.

watchful to se-cure us; Un-con-scious-ly we feel their pow'r, Their warnings timely giv-en,
hov'ring gent-ly 'round us. Unseen they guide at eve - ry hour, Our onward way to heav-en.

ALL IS WELL 10, 3, 8.

C. DINGLEY.

41

1. What's this that steals, that steals up-on my frame, Is it death? Is it death? } If this be death, I
That soon will quench, will quench this vi-tal flame, Is it death? Is it death? }
2. Weep not my friends, my friends, weep not for me, All is well. All is well. } There's not a cloud that
Death now is conquered, conquered, I am free, All is well. All is well. }

4. Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye spirit throng. All is well. All is well. } Praise, endless praise to
I've come to join, to join your rapturous song. All is well. All is well. }

soon shall be From ev'ry pain and sorrow free, I shall the light of glo-ry see, All is well. All is well.
doth a - rise, To hide yon spir-its from my eyes, I soon shall mount the up-per skies. All is well. All is well.

God above, Whose bliss we all in rapture prove; And share the joys of spir-it love. All is well, All is well.

I'M BUT A PILGRIM HERE.

1. I'm but a pil-grim here, Far from my home I would not tar-ry long From that blest dome.
 2. Earth has no charms for me, Sor-did and cold; See all its proffered love Bar-tered for gold,—
 3. To that ce - les - tial home Sor-row nor woe, Sin, sick-ness, pain and death, Nev-er can go.

There a kind Fa-ther stands, Smil-ing in love, Robed in light, glorious bright, Far, far a - bove.
 Fad-ing and fleet-ing too, Pass-ing a - way; Hard the joys that employ Life's transient day.
 No ear hath ev - er heard Nor eye hath seen, In what rest dwell the blest, Calm and se - rene.

SPIRITS BRIGHT ARE EVER NIGH.

43

Fine, D. C.

1. Spir-its bright are e - ver nigh, Fill-ing earth, and air, and sky, } Weep no more, ye sons of earth, }
 Bringing truth, and joy, and love, From the fount of God a - bove. } For the wrongs of mor - tal birth ; }

They shall flee like morn-ing dew, Love shall eve-ry ill sub - due.

The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, marked with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It includes a repeat sign and a 'Fine' marking. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively, also in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words grouped by curly braces to indicate phrasing.

3

Up, and toil, ye chosen sons,
 For earth's poor and sinning ones,
 Bring them back through faith and love
 To the hope of joys above.

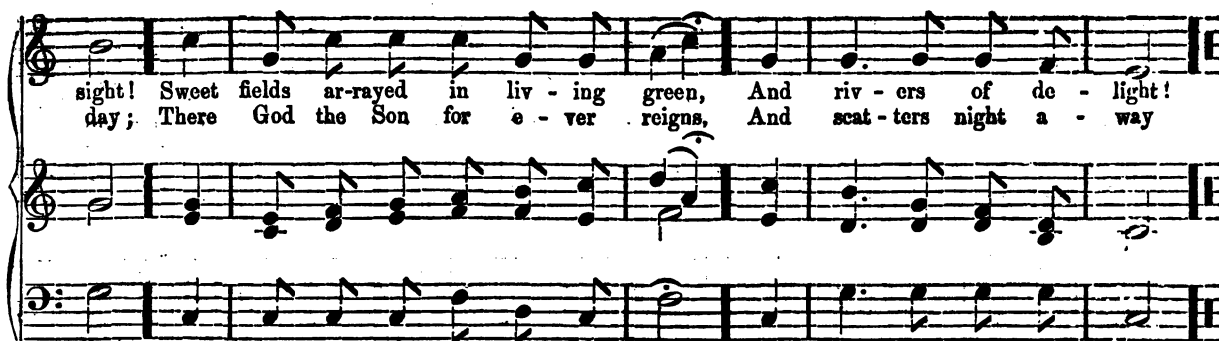
4

Rest not, sleep not, by the way,
 Pause not till that happy day,
 Dawns upon thy gladdened eyes,
 With the radiance of the skies

VISION. C. M. (Double.)

J. B. PACKARD.

1. On Jordan's stor-my banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Canaan's fair and hap-py
 3. There gen'rous fruits that ne-ver fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow: There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
 land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie. 2. O the trans-port-ing, rapt'rous sceno, That ris-es to my
 valc, With milk and hon-ey flow. 4. All o'er those wide ex-tend-ed plains, Shines one e-ter-nal



5

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

6

When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?

7

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay!
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

8

There on those high and flowery plains
 Our spirits no'er shall tire;
 But in perpetual joyful strains
 Redeeming love admire.

1. How sweet to re-flect on those joys that a-wait me, In yon bliss-ful re-gion, the

ha-ven of rest, Where glo-ri-fied spir-its with wel-come shall greet me, And

lead me to man-sions pre-pared for the blest; En-cir-cled in light, And with

glo - ry en - shroud-ed, My hap - pi-ness per-fect, my mind's sky un-cloud - ed, I'll bathe in the

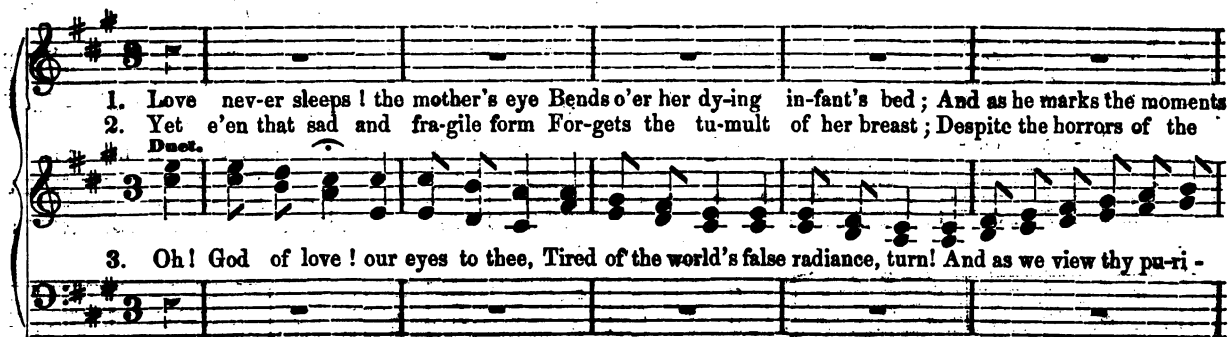
o - cean of pleas - ure un - bound-ed, And range with de - light thro' the E - den of love.

2

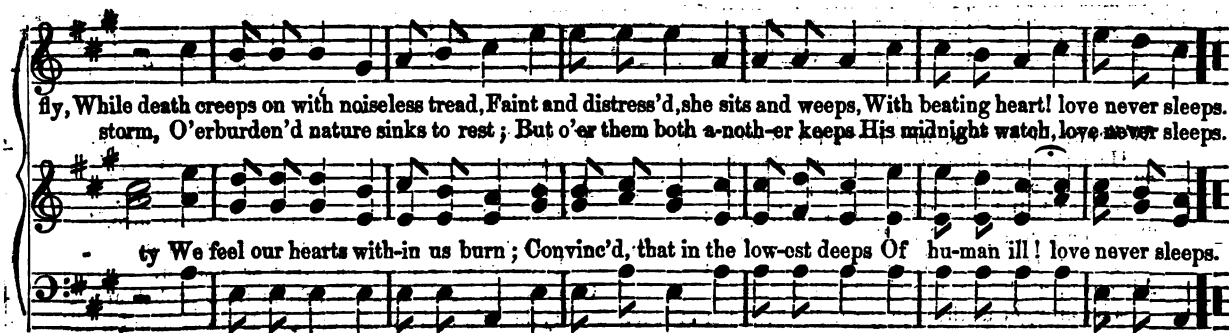
While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise ;
 Then songs to our God shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Jehovah be-given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3

Then hail blessed state ! hail ye songsters of glory,
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above !
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 " Salvation from sorrow, through Angelic love."
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation ;
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love !



1. Love nev-er sleeps ! the mother's eye Bends o'er her dy-ing in-fant's bed ; And as he marks the moments
 2. Yet e'en that sad and fra-gile form For-gets the tu-mult of her breast ; Despite the horrors of the
Duet.
 3. Oh ! God of love ! our eyes to thee, Tired of the world's false radiance, turn ! And as we view thy pu-ri -



fy, While death creeps on with noiseless tread, Faint and distress'd, she sits and weeps, With beating heart ! love never sleeps.
 storm, O'erburden'd nature sinks to rest ; But o'er them both a-noth-er keeps His midnight watch, love never sleeps.
 ty We feel our hearts with-in us burn ; Convinc'd, that in the low-est deeps Of hu-man ill ! love never sleeps.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

J. B. PACKARD.

49

1. When shall we meet a-gain? - Meet ne'er to sev-er? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for e-ver?
 2. When shall love pure-ly flow, Pure as life's riv-er? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless for e-ver?
 3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa-viour! May we all there u-nite, Hap-py for e-ver?
 4. Soon shall we meet a-gain, Meet ne'er to sev-er; Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us for e-ver!

Our hearts will ne'er re- pose, Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er!
 Where joys ce-les-tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Nev-er, no, nev-er!
 Where kindred spir-its dwell, There may our mu-sic swell And time our joys dis-pel—Nev-er, no, nev-er!
 Our hearts will then re- pose, Se- cure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close, Nev-er, no, nev-er!

1. Great God, indulge my humble claim; Thou art my hope, my joy my rest; The glories that compose thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.
 2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my father, and my God; And I am thine, by sacred ties, Thy Son, thy servant, bo't with blood.

3. With early feet I love t' appear Among thy saints, and seek thy face; Oft have I seen thy glory there, And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
 4. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my heart rejoice, And bless the remnant of my [days].

↓ SECOND HYMN.

1
 O God of truth, arise and shine,
 In thy celestial light and love,
 On this aspiring world of thine,
 And raise our hopes to realms above.

2
 O let thy gracious rays of truth
 Be spread through earth's departing night,
 And cheer the hearts of age and youth,
 With beamings of immortal light.

3
 No more may Persecution's hand
 Sway o'er the world its iron rod,
 While falsely claiming thy command,
 It riots in a martyr's blood.

4
 Let senseless idols share no more
 The glories of thy sacred name,
 But every land from shore to shore,
 The wonders of thy truth proclaim.

1. When up to mighty skies you gaze, Where stars pursue their endless ways, You think you see from earth's low clod, The wide and shining home of God.
 2. But could you rise to moon or sun, Or path where planets dally run, Still heaven is spread above you far, While earth remote would seem a star.

3. 'Tis vain to dream these tracts of space, With all their worlds attract his face, One glo-ry fills each rolling ball, One love attracts and moves them all.
 4 Your earth, with all its dust and fears, Is no less his than yonder spheres; The rain-drops weak, and grains of sand, Are stamped by his immortal hand.

1

✓ SECOND HYMN.

3

Radiant Sun of Truth divine,
 Thy rays through boundless nature shine;
 And from the earth in glory rise
 To meet the brightness of the skies.

Be darkness known on earth no more,
 But truth dispensed from shore to shore,
 Till men of every land shall see
 Its glorious brightness, and be free,

2

Wide let thy glory be displayed,
 In one bright day, without a shade,
 And thus may we supremely prove,
 The nameless, endless joys of love.

4

'Tis done—the Sun of truth appears,
 The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
 Its rays flow over land and main,
 And one eternal day shall reign.

Con spirito.

1. Bright Star of Hope, thy rise we hail; Our hearts drink in thy glad'ning beams, While in this lone and dreary vale, We seek thy bright unfading dreams.
 2. Hail Star of Hope! our hearts adore Thy light which shines on life's dark wave, Like the bright guide on ocean's shore, The storm-spent mariner to save.

3. Sweet Star of Hope, we follow thee; Herald di-vine, we catch thy voice: Thy notes proclaim Earth's jubilee, And bid a ransomed world re-joice.
 4. Hail Star of Hope! man's certain guide To truth and life, by Mercy given; Spread wide thy rays, till man-kind Receive this rich-est boon of Heaven.

1

SECOND HYMN.

3

There is a pure, a peaceful wave,
 That rolls around the home of love;
 Whose waters gladden as they lave,
 The bright and heavenly shores above.

The pilgrim faint and near to sink,
 Beneath his load of earthly woe,
 Refreshed beneath its verdant brink,
 Rejoices in its gentle flow.

2

While streams that on that tide depend,
 Steal from those heavenly shores away,
 And on this desert world descend,
 Over our barren land to stray.

4

There, O my soul do thou repose,
 Fast by that ever hallowed spring;
 Drink from its crystal wave which flows
 To heal thy wounded, weary wing.

√ AWAKE THE SONG THAT GAVE TO EARTH. L. M. J. B. PACKARD. 53

1. A-wake the song that gave to earth, The sa-cred joys of Freedom's birth ! Angelic tongues the strain be-

2. Ce-les - tial peace! and is it ours To strike the harp on heav'nly towers? To welcome back the dove that

g in,—"T was peace on earth, good will to man.

brings The balm of healing on her wings?

3

She comes! and, lo the orphan's wail
No longer loads the passing gale;
Contentment sheds her sacred balm,
And Nature owns the sovereign charm.

4

She comes! and banner, spear, and plume,
That led to conquest and the tomb,
Wreathed with the olive, now adorn
The triumph of bright Freedom's morn.

O FLY TO THEIR BOWERS. 10s & 8.

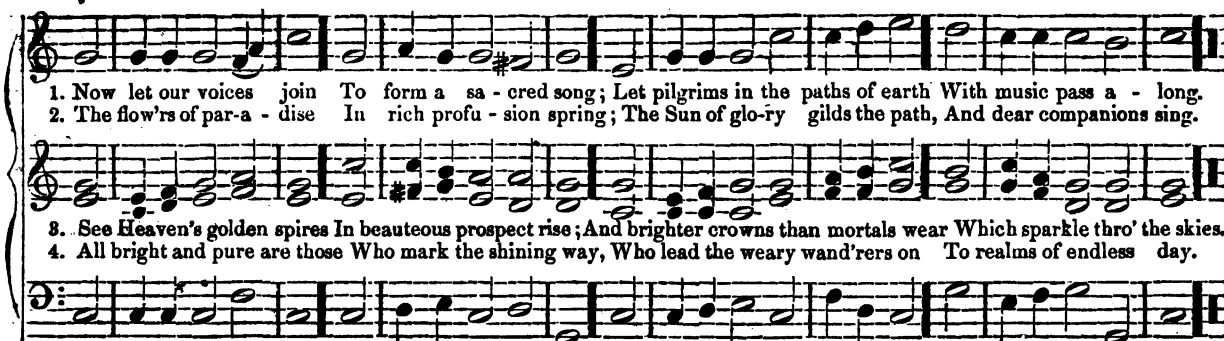
1. Fly away to the promised land, sweet Dove, Fly away to the promised land, And bear these sighs to the friends I love—The happy, the beautiful band.
 2. O fly to their bowers, sweet Dove, and say That hope is upon me now; I long to list to a seraph's lay, With bright glory u-pon my brow.

8. I will wait thy coming at dawn, sweet Dove, I will wait thy coming at eve, But bear some news from the friends I love, And then I will cease to grieve

Ritard. Ad lib.

Deep gloom hath saddened my weary breast—With sorrow my heart it stirred—I long to hear from the land of the blest—O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!
 I feel that this world is not my home—An Angel's sweet voice I've heard! It comes from beyond the dark, lone tomb, O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!

I could spring from this prison on wings of love, I could fall by death's conqu'ring sword, But I cannot stay from the friends I love, O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!



1. Now let our voices join To form a sa - cred song; Let pilgrims in the paths of earth With music pass a - long.
2. The flow'rs of par-a - dise In rich profu - sion spring; The Sun of glo-ry gilds the path, And dear companions sing.

3. See Heaven's golden spires In beauteous prospect rise; And brighter crowns than mortals wear Which sparkle thro' the skies.
4. All bright and pure are those Who mark the shining way, Who lead the weary wand'ers on To realms of endless day.

✓ SECOND HYMN.

1
Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!

2
To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.

3
All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4
If done beneath thy laws,
Even servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

SILOAM C. M.

L. B. ...

1. Let deepest silence all around Its peaceful shelter spread ; So shall the living word abound, The word that wakes the dead

2. How sweet to wait upon the Lord In stillness and in pray'r ! What tho' no preacher speak the word, A minister is there.

3
He knows to bend the heart of steel,
He bows the loftiest soul ;
O'er all we think and all we feel,
How matchless his control !

4
And, O, how precious is his love,
In tender mercy given ;
It whispers of the blest above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

5
From mind to mind, in streams of joy,
The holy influence spreads ;
'Tis peace, 'tis praise without alloy,
For God that influence sheds,

6
To thee, O God, we still will pray,
And praise thee as before,
For this thy glorious gospel-day,
Teach us to praise thee more

1. There is a region lovelier far Than sages know or poets sing; Brighter than Summer's beauties are, And softer than the tints of Spring.

2. There is a world with blessings blest, Beyond what prophets e'er foretold; Nor might the tongue of angel guest A picture of that world {unfold.

3

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose,
Nor darkness dims the radiant scene,
Nor sorrow's tear within it flows.

4

It is not fanned by summer's gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeams pale,
Nor there are known the evening hours.

5

No! no! this world is ever bright
With every radiance all its own,
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round from th' eternal throne.

6

In vain, the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky;
It is the dwelling-place of God.

1. I saw an angel in my dreams, An angel on its golden wings, Shedding around more gorgeous beams Than gild the heart's imaginings.

2. No word escaped it, but it smiled, And oh, so heavenly was the smile, I wished I were an angel child, And felt an angel's love the while

3. But this I knew could not be now, Yet tho't if such an one might be My guardian, I might calmly bow To trials here, above be free.

4

And then I raised a prayer to heaven,
That such a guardian mine might be,
To watch o'er me while life is given,
And keep from snares my spirit free.

5

Then came, where'er I chanced to be,
The angel of the golden wing,
From evil e'er restraining me,
To good my heart encouraging.

1. Our God is love; and all his saints His image bear be - low: The heart with love to God inspired,
 2. None who are tru - ly born of God Can live in en - mi - ty; Then may we love each other, Lord,
 3. Heirs of the same im-mor-tal bliss, Our hopes and fears the same, With bonds of love our hearts u - nite,

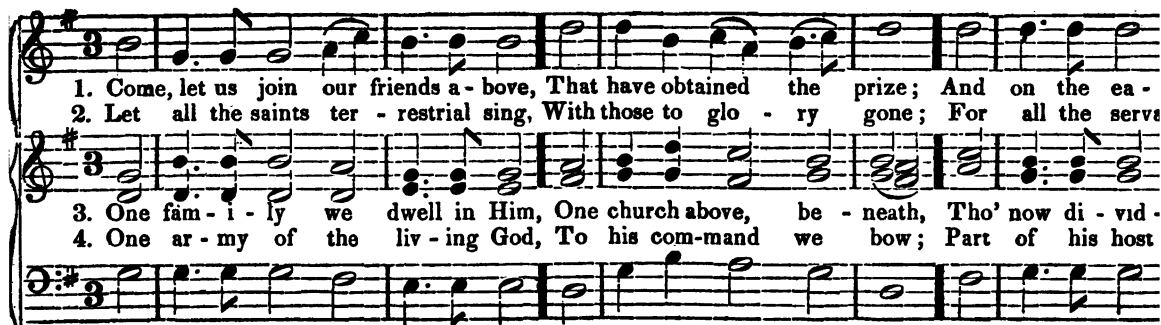
The heart with love to God inspired, With love to man will glow.
 Then may we love each other, Lord, As we are loved by thee.
 With bonds of love our hearts unite, With mutual love inflame.

4

So may the unbelieving world
 See how true Christians love;
 And glorify the God of grace,
 And seek that grace to prove.


♩ ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.



1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove, That have obtained the prize; And on the ea -
 2. Let all the saints ter - restrial sing, With those to glo - ry gone; For all the serv

3. One fam - i - ly we dwell in Him, One church above, be - neath, Tho' now di - vid -
 4. One ar - my of the liv - ing God, To his com - mand we bow; Part of his host



wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise.
 of our King, In earth and heaven are one.

by the stream, The nar - row stream, of death.
 cross'd the flood, And part are cross - ing now.

5

His militant embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast
 And reach the heavenly land.

SECRET PRAYER. C. M.

J. B. PACKARD.

61

1. Sweet is the pray'r whose holy stream In earnest pleading flows! De-votion dwells upon the theme, And warm and warmer glows.
 2. Faith grasps the blessing she desires; Hope points the upward gaze; And Love, celestial Love, inspires The eloquence of praise.
 3. But sweeter far the still, small voice, Unheard by human ear, When God has made the heart rejoice, And dried the bitter tear.
 4. No accents flow, no words ascend; All utterance faileth there; But Christian spirits comprehend, And God accepts the prayer.

SECOND HYMN.

1
 There is a hope, a blessed hope,
 More precious and more bright,
 Than all the joyless mockery
 The world esteems delight.

2
 There is a star, a lovely star,
 That lights the darkest gloom,
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
 The prospects of the tomb.

3
 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
 That lifts the soul above,
 Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
 And whispers, "God is love."

4
 That voice, aloud from wisdom's height,
 Proclaims the soul forgiven;
 That star is revelation's light;
 That hope, the hope of heaven.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

1. I am thy guardian an-gel, sweet child, and I rest In my own chosen tem-ple, thy in-no-cent breast; At midnight I
 2. The tho'ts of thy heart are re-cord-ed by me; There are some, which, half breath'd, half acknowledged by thee, Steal sweetly and

3. I breathe o'er thy slumbers, sweet dreams of delight, Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night. Then re-mem-ber

steal from my sa-cred re-treat, When the cords of thy heart in soft u-ni-son beat; When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tress-es
 al-lent-ly o'er thy pure breast, Just ruf-fling its calmness, then mur-m'ring to rest: Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breath-less-ly

wherever your pathway may be, Be it clouded with sorrow or brilliant with joy, My spir-it shall watch thee where-ev-er thou

flow, In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillows of snow; O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And lis-ten to
 lies, With its own mimic mountains and star spangled skies; I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping, To guard thee from

art My in-cense shall rise from the throne of thy heart, Farewell! For the shadows of evening are fled, And the young rays of

music which flows from thy heart. O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And listen to mu-sic which flows from thy heart.
 spir-its of sor-row and weeping, I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping, To guard thee from spir-its of sor-row and weeping.

morning are wreath'd round my head. Farewell! For the shadows of ev'ning are fled, And the young rays of morning are wreath'd round my head.

NUREMBURG. 7s.



1. Praise to God! immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.
2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From her rich, o'erflowing stores.



3. These, to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweetest comforts flow; These, thro' all my happy days, Claim my cheerful songs of [praise.]



4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise, Grateful never-ending praise; And, when ev'ry blessings' flown, Love thee for THYSELF alone.

SECOND HYMN.

1

They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2

In our sickness, in our health;
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer,
God is present everywhere.

4

Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father, come and wait;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present everywhere.



1. Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, Be thy glorious name a-dored! Lord, thy mer-cies

2. Tho' un-wor-thy, Lord, thine ear, Beign our hum-ble songs to hear; Pur-er praise we

nev - er fail, Hail, ce - les - tial goodness, Hail !

hope to bring, When a - round thy throne we sing.

[5] 2011 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176

3

While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our foot-steps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4

Then with angel harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain,
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

1. My Father! cheering name! O, may I call thee mine? Give me the humble hope to claim A portion so di-
 2. Whate'er thy will de-nies, I calmly would re-sign; For thou art just, and good, and wise: O, bend my will to
 3. Whate'er thy will or-dains, O give me strength to bear, Still let me know a father reigns, And trust a father's
 4. My Father! bliss-ful name! Above expres-sion dear! If thou accept my humble claim, I bid adieu to

↓ SECOND TIME.

1
 In God's eternity
 There shall a day arise,
 When all the race of man shall be
 With Jesus in the skies.

2
 As night before the rays
 Of morning flees away,
 Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

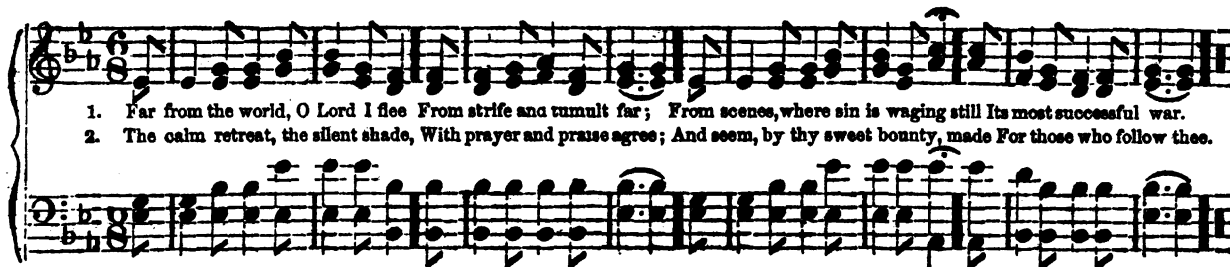
3
 As music fills the grove
 When stormy clouds are past,
 Sweet anthems of redeeming love
 Shall all employ at last.

4
 Redeemed from death and sin,
 Shall Adam's numerous race
 A ceaseless song of praise begin,
 And shout redeeming grace.

✓ SOLITUDE. C. M.

J. B. PACKARD,

67



1. Far from the world, O Lord I flee From strife and tumult far; From scenes, where sin is waging still Its most successful war.
2. The calm retreat, the silent shade, With prayer and praise agree; And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made For those who follow thee.

3

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise,

4

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine!

✓ SECOND HYMN.

1

How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—

2

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my labors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee!

2. There happier bow'ts than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow knows; Bless seats thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you;

3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there, Around my Saviour stand, And soon my friends in Christ below, Will join the glorious band;

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls, And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death, dismay? I've Canaan's heavenly land in view, And realms of endless day.

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

THE SPIRITS ADDRESS. L. M.

1. We come at morn and dewy eve, At radiant noon, and mid-night hour, To breathe our messages, or la

2. Think not our home is far a - way From human sym - pa - thy and love, Nor when desired, would we de

The speaking to - kens of our power.

To leave our spir - it home a - bove.

8
Our mission is the work of love,
To kindred in the earthly home,
And will they not our work approve,
And often kindly bid us come?

4
Thrice gladly, we the call obey,
When yearning hearts the welcome give,
Receive our love, our care-repay,
In our communion joyous live.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

21

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers given; There is a joy for souls di-

2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sin and sor-row driven; When tossed on life's tempestuor-

balm for eve-ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.

storms a-rise and o-ocean rolls, And all is drear, but heaven.

3
There Faith lifts up the tearle
To brighter prospects given
It views the tempest passing by
Sees evening shadows quickly
And all serene—in heaven.

4
There fragrant flowers immortal
And joys supreme are given
There rays divine disperse the
Beyond the dark, the narrow
Appears the dawn of heaven

WORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

Adapted to Playal's Air, by J. WARREN. By permission.

1. I saw thy form in youthful prime, nor thought that pale de - cay Would steal before the steps of time, and waste thy bloom a - way;

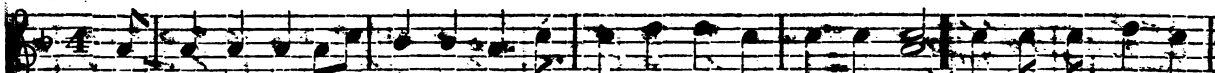
2. As streams that over golden mines in modest mur - murs glide, Nor seem to know the wealth that shines within their gen - tle tide;

3. Could angels always stay above, then ne'er hadst left thy sphere; Or, could we keep the souls we love, we ne'er had lost thee here;

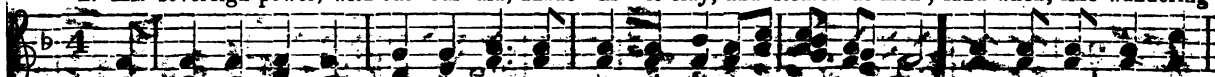
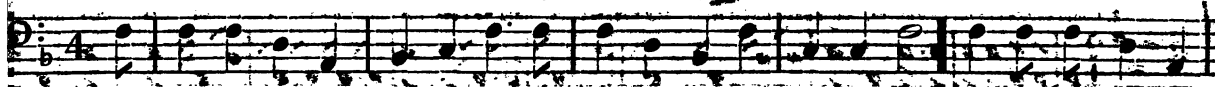
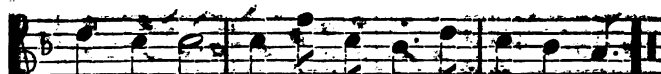
Yet still thy features bore that light that flies not with the breath, And life ne'er looked more purely bright than in the smile of death.
So veil'd beneath a simple guise, thy radiant genius shone, And that which charm'd all other eyes, seem'd worthless in thine own.

Though many a gifted mind we meet, though fairest forms we see, To live with them is far less sweet than to remem - ber thee.

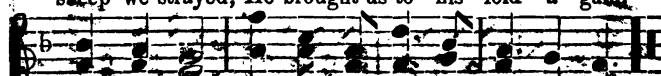
BLESSED WORSHIP. L.M.V. 1871



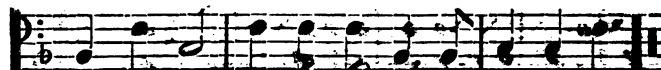
1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is
 2. His sovereign power, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when, like wandering
 3. We are his peo - ple; we his care; Our souls, and all our mortal frame; What last - ing hon - ors

God a - lone: He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.
 sheep we strayed; He brought us to his fold a - gain.



shall we rear, Al - migh - ty Ma - ker, to thy name?



We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
 High as the Heaven our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

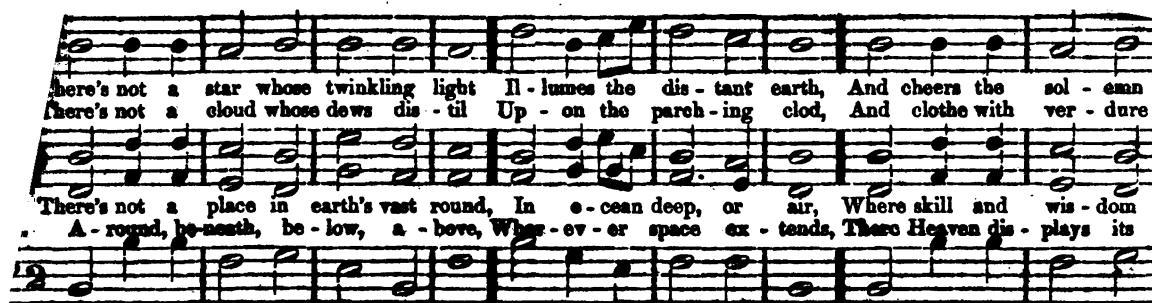
1. Blest who with generous pi-ty glows, Who learns to feel an - oth - er's woes; Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,

2. Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand Give to his v - let - tie cho - sen land; Nor leave him in the troubled day,


And wipes the help-less orphan's tear! In eve - ry want, in eve - ry woe, Him-self thy pi - ty, Lord, shall know.

To un - re - lent-ing foes a prey, In sick-ness thou shalt raise his head, And make with tenderest care his bed.

↓ CAMBRIDGE. C. M.



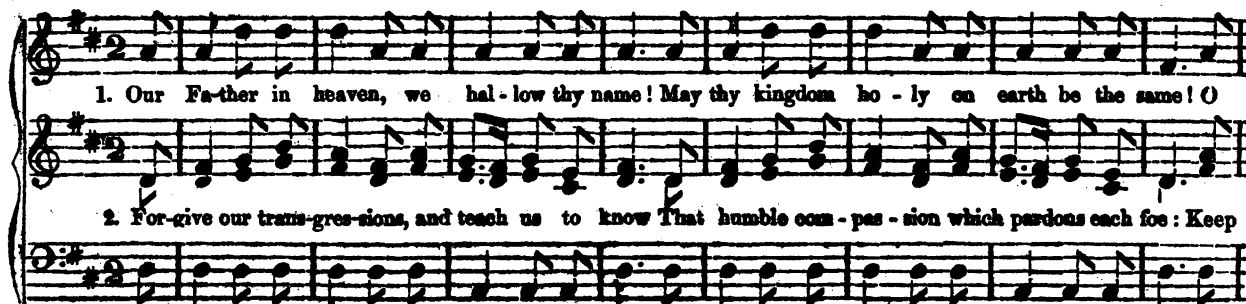
There's not a star whose twinkling light Il-lu-mines the dis-tant earth, And cheers the sol-enn
 There's not a cloud whose dews dis-til Up-on the parch-ing clod, And clothe with ver-dure
 There's not a place in earth's vast round, In e-cean deep, or air, Where skill and wis-dom
 A-round, be-neath, be-low, a-beve, Wher-ev-er space ex-tends, There Heaven dis-plays its



gloom of night, But good-ness gave it birth, But goodness gave it birth, But goodness gave it birth.
 vale and hill, That is not sent by God, That is not sent by God, That is not sent by God.
 are not found, For God is eve-ry-where, For God is eve-ry-where, For God is eve-ry-where
 bound-less love, And power with goodness blends, And power with goodness blends, And power with goodness!

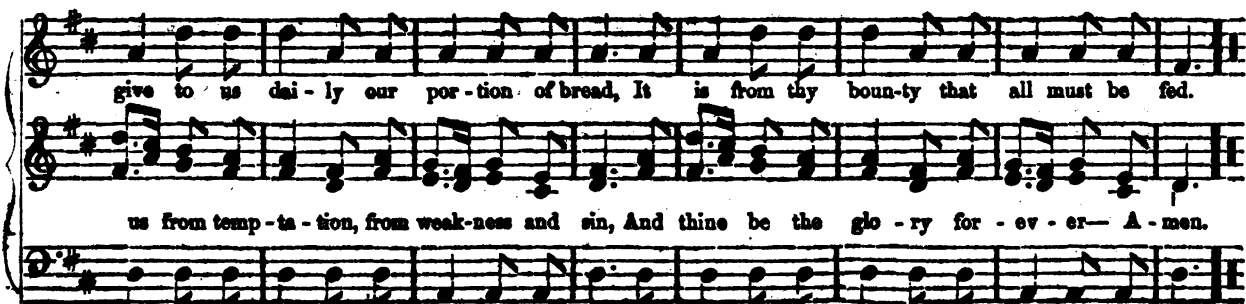
✓ THE LORD'S PRAYER IN METRICAL FORM. 11a.

75



1. Our Fa-ther in hea-ven, we hal-low thy name! May thy king-dom ho-ly on earth be the same! O

2. For-give our trans-gres-sions, and teach us to know That hum-ble com-pas-sion which pardons each foe: Keep



give to us dai-ly our por-tion of bread, It is from thy boun-ty that all must be fed.

us from temp-ta-tion, from weak-ness and sin, And thine be the glo-ry for-ev-er—A-men.

EMMONS, C. M.

1. Fa-ther of me and all mankind, And all the hosts a - bove, Let eve - ry un - der - stand - ing

2. Thy kingdom come, with power and grace, To every heart, of man; Thy peace and joy and right - eous

U - nite to praise thy name, U - nite to praise thy name.

In all our bo - soms reign, In all our bo - soms reign.

3
The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcend
Into our souls bring in.

4
The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

FRIENDSHIP: L. M.

J. B. PACKARD.

77

1. They're near us when we heed them not, The loved, the lost, the ev - er dear; But not when we are bowed with grief,
 2. In love, in hope, in patient trust, In in - spi - ra - tion pure and high, In spir - it - wor - ship and in prayers,
 3. In eve - ry great and generous thought, In eve - ry throb of sympathy, Our hearts are drawn more near to heav - en.

Are spir - its of the blessed most near.
 That have no lan - guage but a sigh.
 Where live the friends we long to see.

4
 Then seek them not 'mid clouds and gloom
 Or tears that dim the feeble light;
 But strive, though with a faltering wing,
 To follow in their path of light.

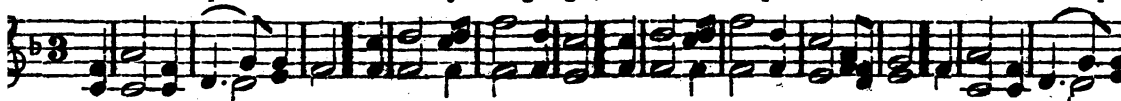
5
 Then faint not in the "march of life,"
 Nor hang thy drooping eyelids more;
 'Tis hope, 'tis faith, 'tis trust in God,
 That will the lost again restore.

GOLDEN HILL S. M.

Western Tune.



1. Come, kingdom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love! Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad, And wisdom fro
2. O-ver our spir - its first Extend thy healing reign; There raise and quench the sacred thirst, That never pai



3. Come, kingdom of our God! And make the broad earth thine, Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod That flowers w



4

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest
Sons of one family.

5

Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

✓ INVOCATION. C. M.

79

1. Father in heaven, to thee my heart Would lift itself in prayer; Drive from my soul each earthly tho't, And show thy presence here
 2. Each moment of my life renews The mercies of my Lord, Each moment is it - self a gift To bear me on to God.
 3. O, help me break the galling chains, This world has round me thrown, Each passion of my heart subdue, Each darling sin disown
 4. O Father, kindle in my breast A nev-er dy-ing flame Of ho-ly love, of grate-ful trust, In thine Almighty name.

✓ SECOND HYMN.

1
 With sacred joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above—
 That glorious temple in the skies
 Where dwells eternal love.

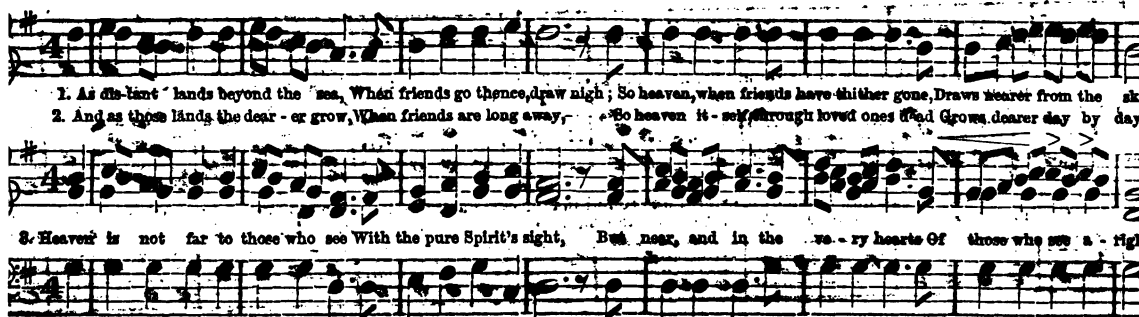
2
 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee
 Our filial duty pay;
 Thy service, unconstrained and free,
 Conducts to endless day.

3
 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
 With trust and holy fear,
 Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
 And lend a gracious ear.

4
 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing:
 Nor from thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring.

PROSPECT. C. M.

J. B. PACKARD.



1

SECOND HYMN.

3

O come, ye weary ones of earth!
 Come listen to our call;
 We bend in love, O listen now,
 And make our home your all.

2

O come and rest where love dies not,
 Where fadeless flowers aye bloom;
 We bid you come—oh tarry not
 To dwell mid care and gloom.

Why will ye linger by the way,
 Or doubt our guardian care?
 We would impress you, come away,
 With us our bliss to share.

4

We love you with undying love;
 We wish you to be blest;
 Then hasten, like a weary dove,
 To this your endless rest.

✓ PERPETUAL PRAISE. C. M.

J. B. PACKARD.

81

1. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God, Thro' all my fleeting days; And to e - ter - ni - ty prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
 2. Nor shall my tongue alone pro-claim The hon-ors of my God: My life, with all its active powers, Shall spread thy praise abroad.

2. Nor will I cease thy praise to sing, When death shall close mine eyes; My thoughts shall then to nobler heights, And sweeter rap-
 [tures rise.

4. Then shall my my lips, in endless praise, Their grateful tribute pay; The theme demands an angel's tongue, And an eternal day.

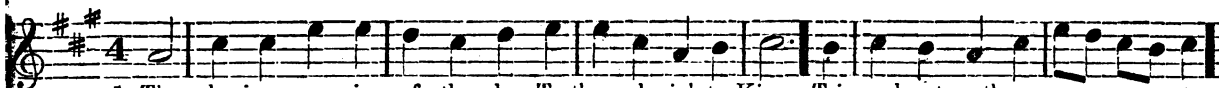
✓ SECOND HYMN.

- 1 The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee the soul.

CORONATION. C. M.

HOLDEN.



√ HAMBURG. L. M.

L. MASON, by permission.

83

1. Thou great Instruct-er, lest I stray, Oh teach my er - ring feet thy way! Thy truth, with ev - er

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

fresh de-light, Shall guide my doubtful steps a-right.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

2

How oft my heart's affections yield,
And wander o'er the world's wide field!
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim;
Unite them all to fear thy name.

3

Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
With all their powers, shall raise the song;
On earth thy glories I'll declare,
Till heaven th' immortal notes shall hear.

J ROSEDALE L. M.

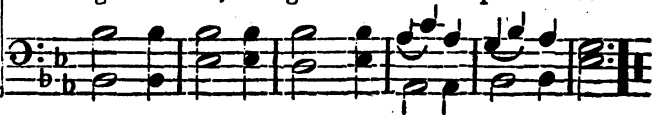
GEO. F. ROOT.



1. So 'let our lips and lives ex-press, The ho - ly gos-pel we pro-cess: So let our works and
 2. Thus shall we best pro-claim a - broad The hon - ors of our Sav-iour, God, When the sal - va - tion



vir-tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
 reigns with - in, And grace sub-dues the power of sin.



3

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride,
 While justice, temperance, truth and love,
 Our inward piety approve.

4

Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

YORK. C. M.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for - ev - er thine: I fear before thee all the da

2. And while I rest my wea-ry head, From care and business free, 'Tis sweet con-vers-ing on my be

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time (C). The first verse is written above the top staff, and the second verse is written above the middle staff.

Nor would I dare to sin.

With my own heart and thee.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time (C). The third verse is written above the top staff, and the fourth verse is written above the middle staff.

3
I pay this evening sacrifice,
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies,
Upon thy grace alone.

4
Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

↓ BALERMA. C. M.

1. Oh, for a calm and ho - ly life ! A tranquil walk with God ! A sa - cred freedom from the strife That rages all a - br
 2. I'm tired of Fol - ly's tin - sel glare, Of Learning's long debate ; No more I breathe Ambitions's prayer, The toil for gold I h
 3. But I would learn to rise at morn, As flowers greet the light ; My song like fragrance upward borne To Him who rules the r
 4. To pass in peace without al - loy, The days of life's a - ward ; Humbly to toil, and find it joy, Be - cause I serve the l

↓ SECOND HYMN.

1

The sacred bond of perfectness
 Is spotless charity ;
 O let us, Lord, we pray, possess
 The mind that was in thee.

2

Grant this, and then from all below,
 Insensibly remove ;
 Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love.

3

With ease our souls thro' death shall glid
 Into their paradise ;
 And thence on wings of angels ride
 Triumphant through the skies.

4

Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove ;
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our all in all is love.

CIRCLE. 8s & 7s.

J. B. PACKARD.

87

DESIGNED FOR THE OPENING OF CIRCLES.

1. Ho - ly Father, gently bless us, As we meet in love to-night, Let no earthly care oppress us, May we all be filled with light.
 2. Lov-ing spir-its hov-er o'er us, Angels bright, in truth arrayed, Ope the path of life before us, Lead us on to cloudless day.
 3. Let no jarring thought divide us, Sweetest harmony be ours; Wisdom's richest feast, provide us, As we pass these happy hours.

SECOND HYMN.

1

May the grace of Guardian Angels,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Loving Spirits' favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

2

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

FOR THE CLOSE OF CIRCLES.

1. Fa - ther of spir - its, take, O take, The glo - ry of thy grace; Thy gifts to thee we ren - der bac

2. With love and har - mo - ny we came In sin - gle-ness of heart; We met, O Lord, in thy blest na

In rapturous songs of praise, In rapturous songs of praise.

And in thy name we part, And in thy name we part.

3
We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in love are joined,
And hand in hand go on.

4
Subsists as in us all one soul:
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

1. Mere earthly pow'rs shall fast decay, And youthful vigor cease; But those who seek to know the truth In strength shall still increase.

2. They, with unwearied feet, shall tread The path of life divine; With growing ardor onward move, With growing brightness shine.

3. On seraph-wings, they mount and soar, The wings of faith and love, Till past the cloudy regions here, They rise to heaven above.

SECOND HYMN.

1

How sweet and charming are the strains,
That fall upon mine ear,
They come not from the distant plains,
Nor yet from mountains near.

2

They come not from the sons of earth,
Of high, or low degree,
They come not from the halls of mirth,
Nor those of revelry.

3

But from the land I love, to bring
Heaven's glorious truths, they come,
That thou no more shall fear Death's wing,
Nor his obscuring gloom.

4

Then let the angel's song be heard;
Let all with eager ear,
Catch every sweet, enlivening word,
As it is wafted near.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON, Carmini Sacra, by permission.

1. Calm is the tho't which angels bring To cheer the lonely and depressed, And loud the anthem which they sing, Amid the realms where all are blest.
 2. Deep is the spring whose waters rise From depths within the new-born soul: Where streams gush up to greet the skies, And thro' their radiant bosom roll.
 3. High is the realm where angels dwell, In cloudless splendor sweetly bright, Where gladd'ning strains of music swell Thro' mansions of eternal light.
 4. Sing in the depths of holy joy, Ye dwellers of the shadowed earth; For bliss which sense cannot alloy, Thrills the pure spirit in its birth.

SECOND HYMN.

1

Why should we mourn that changes come,
 When 'neath the cold and shrouded snow,
 The grass and flowers may shelter find,
 And in the darkness bud and grow?

2

Why should we mourn that clouds are formed,
 And o'er our drooping spirits fly?
 The law that forms the clouds, expands
 The bow and brings unclouded sky.

3

Our hopes may fall like leaves away,
 As swiftly pass each winged hour,
 But leaves ne'er fall until the fruit
 Is formed within the bursting flower.

4

Then change is angel of the soul,
 That keeps all things from swift decay,—
 Through which the crystal here is formed,
 And life anew may spring alway.

√ DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Blest be the Lord, the God of love; Who show's his blessings from above; The rock, on which the righteous tru

2. He to his saints re - demption gives, The weak and humble he re - lies; Supported by his grace we sta

The hope and sa - viour of the just.

For life and death are in his hand.

3

He views his children in distress,
The widow and the fatherless;
And, from his holy seat above,
Supports them with his tender love.

4

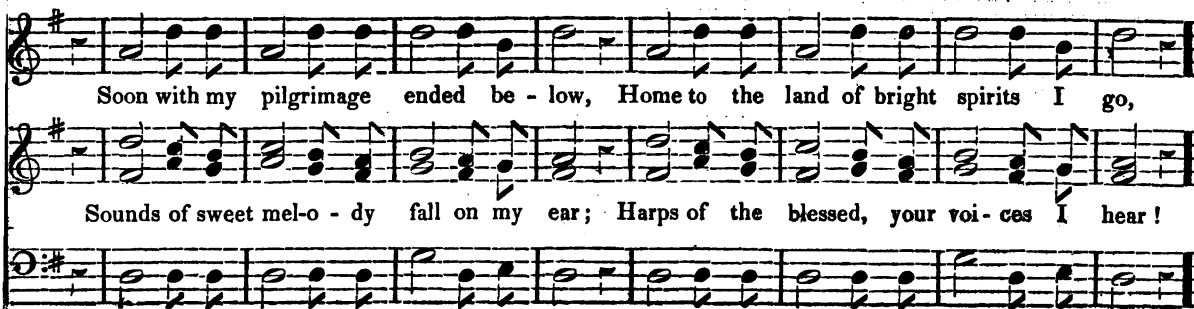
All they who make his law their choice
Shall in his promises rejoice;
With gladness in their hearts, shall raise,
Before his throne, triumphant praise.

JOYFULLY



1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits a - bove, }
 An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home; }

2. Friends fondly cherish'd have passed on be - fore, Waiting they watch me approaching the shore; }
 Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home; }



Soon with my pilgrimage ended be - low, Home to the land of bright spirits I go,

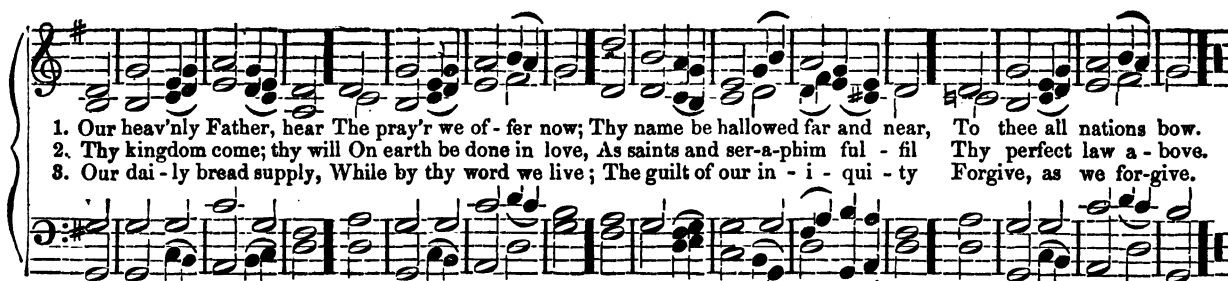
Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear; Harps of the blessed, your voi - ces I hear!

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly resting at home.

Rings with the har - mo - ny, heaven's high dome, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.

3

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow,
 Spirits have broken the bars of the tomb;
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home!
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.



1. Our heav'nly Father, hear The pray'r we of - fer now; Thy name be hallowed far and near, To thee all nations bow.
 2. Thy kingdom come; thy will On earth be done in love, As saints and ser-a-phim ful - fil Thy perfect law a - bove.
 3. Our dai - ly bread supply, While by thy word we live; The guilt of our in - i - qui - ty Forgive, as we for-give.

4. From dark temptation's pow'r Our feeble hearts defend; Deliv - er in the e - vil hour, And guide us to the end.
 5. Thine, then, forever be Glo - ry and pow'r divine; The sceptre, throne, and majes - ty Of heav'n and earth are thine.

SECOND HYMN.

1
 And let our bodies part,
 To different homes repair,
 Inseparably joined in heart
 Our happy spirits are.

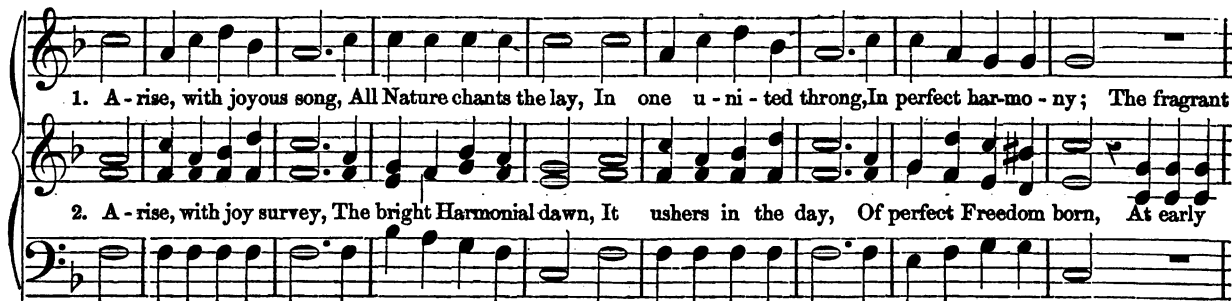
2
 Pure love, the corner-stone,
 Did first our hearts unite,
 And still it keeps our spirits one,
 Who walk in truth's clear light

3
 O let us still proceed
 In wisdom's work below;
 And following its unerring lead,
 To certain victory go.

4
 And let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where wasting toil shall end.

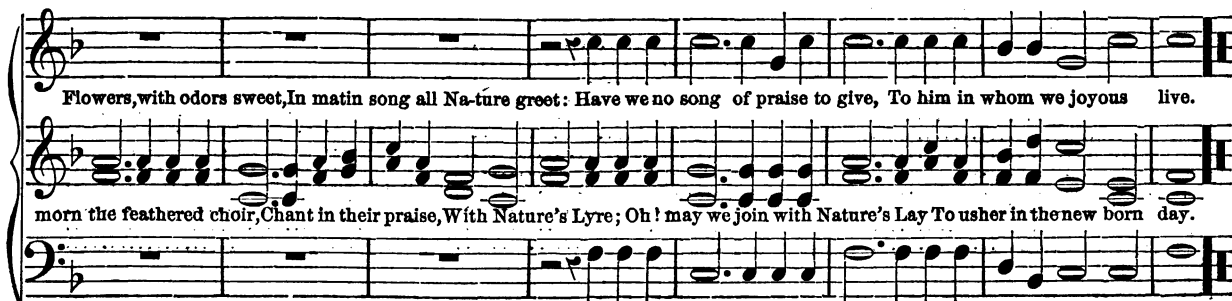
HARMONIAL DAWN. H. M.

N. G. WARREN. 95



1. A - rise, with joyous song, All Nature chants the lay, In one u - ni - ted throng, In perfect har-mo - ny; The fragrant

2. A - rise, with joy survey, The bright Harmonial dawn, It ushers in the day, Of perfect Freedom born, At early



Flowers, with odors sweet, In matin song all Na-ture greet: Have we no song of praise to give, To him in whom we joyous live.

morn the feathered choir, Chant in their praise, With Nature's Lyre; Oh! may we join with Nature's Lay To usher in the new born day.

INDEX OF TUNES.

Arnon.....	18	I'm a pilgrim.....	7	Trenton.....	10
All is well.....	41	I saw thy form in youthful prime.....	71	Truro.....	52
Amesbury.....	36	Invocation.....	79	The Guardian Angel.....	62 & 63
Awake the song that gave to earth.....	53	Iowa.....	94	The world is beautiful.....	35
Arlington.....	60	I will lift up mine eyes.....	4	The Angel's Welcome.....	17
Boylston.....	55	Joyfully.....	94	This world's not all a fleeting show.....	16
Brighton.....	73	Jerusalem.....	68	Tallis.....	89
Balerna.....	86	Jersey.....	34	Thy will be done.....	4
Cease to languish.....	32	Love divine.....	37 & 48	The Lord's Prayer. Chant.....	3
Come ye disconsolate.....	19	Land of bliss.....	14	The Old Hundredth.....	5
Coronation.....	82	Light.....	11	The Guardian Angel.....	58
Circle.....	87	Millennial dawn.....	25	The Spirit's Address.....	69
Cambridge.....	74	Nuremburg.....	64	The Lord's Prayer.....	75
Day is breaking.....	22	No want shall I know.....	24	Triumphant Song.....	8
Duke Street.....	91	Ortonville.....	88	There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	70
Eden of love.....	46	Olmütz.....	66	Vision.....	44
Emmons.....	76	Of fly to their bowers.....	40	Ware.....	57
Edinburg.....	38	Progress.....	51	Woodland.....	59
Fairest blossom, thou art fading.....	27	Prospect.....	80	What hand can stay.....	26
Friendship.....	77	Prayer.....	29	Weasley.....	15
Freedom.....	21	Perpetual praise.....	81	Wanderer.....	12
Guardian.....	28	Pleyel's Hymn.....	65	Ward.....	33
Golden Hill.....	78	Rosedale.....	84	Wells.....	50
Greenville.....	30	Rockingham.....	90	Worship.....	72
Hamburg.....	83	Siloam.....	56	When shall we meet again.....	49
Hope.....	23	Secret Prayer.....	9 & 61	Yonder's my home.....	13
Hebron.....	20	Solitude.....	67	York.....	85
Harmonial Dawn.....	95	Spirits bright are ever nigh.....	43	Zephyr.....	31
I'm but a pilgrim here.....	42				



|

;

.



~~30 Sept 1993~~
~~9 Sept 1994~~

ACME
BOOKBINDING CO., INC.

APR 28 1985

101 CAMBRIDGE STREET
CHARLESTOWN, MASS.



3 2044 020 712 295

